

Dreki VÃ|ngr (Dragon Wing)

by Angelwriter10

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Summary: Hiccup embarks on a wild adventure to the unknown lands beyond Berk in search of new dragons, but what he discovers may change his journey completely.

## 1. 1- How to say Goodbye

\_This is Berk.\_

\_Dragons and Humans live here in peace.\_

\_They are our family, and Berk has changed so much since they moved in.\_

\_The only thing is: Berk is very small. No matter where you go there's always someone breathing down your neck.\_

\_That is why I've decided to go on an adventure.\_

"Don't forget your armor."

"Got it."

"And rations."

"Got it."

"Oh and your weapons- just in case."

"Dad! I got everything, okay? Can I just go now?" Hiccup hunched his shoulders and stuck out his lower lip as he expressed his eagerness wildly with his hand motions.

Stoick smiled. The burly, larger viking stood at least a foot taller than his skinny son, and looked twenty times more menacing.

"Sorry son, I'm just so excited for you- adventuring out to new lands, encountering new dragons! It's every viking's dream! Well, except of course, you know... that was when we wanted to kill them all," he ranted in his thick scottish accent. "Oh!" He turned around and pulled something from behind his back, "don't forget this- your mother did make it for you after all."

Hiccup let out another sigh. "Thanks," he took the soft item from his father's masculine hands. It was the small, blue, stuffed dragon that he had so feared as a child, but after he threw it into the ocean and Trader Johann had returned it years later, it was the only thing left from his mother, other than his breast-plate viking helmet of course. "I'll miss you dad."

"I'll miss you too son; take care. Did you say good bye to your friends yet? I bet Astrid is waiting outside."

"She probably is. I'll go talk to her now. Bye dad!" Hiccup huffed through a strangling hug from his father before teetering outside on his one good leg. The light shone brightly behind a layer of clouds; that meant it was a good day to fly. His hair fell lightly over his forehead and his new leather armour snagged on his favourite green tunic. He hoisted his sack higher onto his shoulder and marched down into the village.

Toothless bounced down after him with a saddle hooked up to several bags of rations and blankets. "There you are bud!" Before he could give his massive dragon a proper greeting, the giant ball of energy leapt up and knocked him over. "Hey! Hey now! Toothless!" He cringed as the dragon slobbered his face excessively. Hiccup shoved him off and stood up, "Oh gross!" He glared over at the dragon, "thanks a lot... I really needed that." The dragon made a gurgling sound of playful mockery. He shook some of the slime off with his hands and wiped it on his pants just before Astrid strode over. Her tall, lithe form had changed with age, and now she was more beautiful than ever. He had to remind himself not to drool.

"So... Today's the day, huh?" She clasped her hands and looked at the ground awkwardly.

Hiccup always swelled at the fact that he could make Astrid, the fearless Astrid Hofferson, nervous. Of course that didn't mean he was any less awkward. "Yeah... I think I decided to head Southwest."

"Oh that will be good. You never know what could be up there," Astrid had a light smile on her face as she looked up at him after a moment.

Hiccup sucked in a breath of courage, "I'm really going to miss you." He held his breath, but as soon as their met eyes he looked away timidly.

A smiled stretched across her face, and without another moments hesitation she leapt into his embrace. Her arms swung around his shoulders and her head rested in the crook of his neck. Hiccup wrapped his arms around her. "I'll try not to stay away too long."

"Good; because you already made it clear that I can't come with you, and if I can't come with you then you better come back safe," she

huffed in an amusing tone as she pulled back to look him in the eyes.

He admired her light blue iris's and how they seemed to glisten with tears. "Well, I'll have Toothless with me. And don't worry I will come back."

She leaned forward tentatively and pressed her lips to his lightly. He couldn't help but smile as she pulled him quickly into another hug as the sound of more footsteps approached the couple. "Don't forget about us..." she whispered into his ear before separating the close embrace. He mouthed 'I won't', before turning to greet his fellow dragon riders.

"Oh, and remember to write down every fact you can about every dragon you see," Fishlegs said.

"Uh, more like, try not to die," Snotlout jeered.

"But that would be so awesome!" Ruffnut yelled.

"Totally!" Tuffnut high-fived his twin sister, "Oh, but I want to hear how it happens- so don't spare any detail."

"Thanks guys," Hiccup nodded, "really appreciate that vote of confidence in my survival." He sauntered to Toothless who shook his head in anticipation.

"Your welcome; and don't come back with another missing leg or something," Ruffnut snorted and turned to Tuffnut who snickered again.

Hiccup smiled, "bye guys, I won't be gone forever." He threw his leg over the dragon and hooked his belt to the saddle.

"Bye Hiccup!" Fishlegs called.

"Stay safe- I love you!" Astrid said. The group turned to look at her with wide-eyes, "What? If any of you think I'm going soft I can just as easily rip your throats out." They turned away, convinced she was telling the truth.

Hiccup beamed, "see you all soon!" And with a beat of Toothless' massive black wings, they were soaring high into the clouds and off into the distance.

## 2. 2- How to locate Land

Rushing wind beat against the two companions as they soared through the oceanic breeze. There was no sign of land within sight and the dark waters below didn't look too inviting either. Toothless was getting tired and gradually slowing down over the course of the day.

"Come on bud we'll find somewhere to land, just keep going." He scanned the horizon for any sign of structure—nothing. He let out a sigh, knowing that the sun would set in a few short hours. He adjusted his seating and felt himself sit on something. He precariously pulled it out and examined it- the blue dragon. It's

soft, cloth eyes gazed at nothing, but meant the world to Hiccup. He tucked it into one of the sacks hanging from his belt before Toothless let out a restless groan. "I said it'll be okay- we'llâ€¦" he stopped.

Just over the expanse of ocean, Hiccup could make out an island. "See bud! we can stop there." The dragon seemed to breath a sigh of relief. He rubbed the scales behind Toothless' ears.

The island grew bigger, but Hiccup stared confused as it seemed to rise higher and higher into the sky. Soon the pair was faced square off with a massive islandâ€¦ possibly larger than Berk. They stared unbelieving at the land mass. What Hiccup had thought was a tiny island, was the top of a volcano. The jungle below it expanded great distances around the rocky outcrop and stretched to a quiet beach that met with the sea.

"Great Odinâ€¦ This is amazing! There has to be some dragons on this island!" The smile spread across his face.

Toothless landed half-heartedly on the sand and dragged himself up the beach to crash near the tree-line.

"That's okay bud, you rest. It's almost night anyways, I'll get a fire going." With no further response from his friend he trudged into the forest. It was overgrown and the trees stretched high, letting little light seep to the forest-floor.

Hiccup ensured that he stay in eye sight of the beach before he snapped several sticks off their stumps and picked up enough fallen twigs to get a good fire going.

"I guess that should do it." He made his way back to the beach, emptying his armload on the sand. He arranged it quickly and set to work on the flame since Toothless was clearly unwilling to help. The lazy dragon lay behind him asleep.

Hiccup shivered slightly; it may be a jungle, but it sure got cold at night. Soon he was finally able to get a flame started and began building it up. Warmth finally spread through him.

"I wonder what the riders are doing. Maybe Astrid is teaching them a lesson in survival," he mused at the thought, and sighed. "I kind of miss her already." He looked up at the stars briefly and remembered his mission. "I can't wait to explore tomorrow. What kind of dragons do you think there will be out there?" He asked the non-responsive lizard. "Maybe a Skrill! Orâ€¦ or."

A cracking sound erupted behind him. He spun around on instinct, drawing his puny knife from his belt. He watched the tree line for any signs of movement.

Nothing.

He relaxed and noted that it was just the waves. That is, until he heard it again.

"Toothless," he whispered, "wake up bud, I think we have company." He shuffled around the dragon to get closer to the trees. The light of the moon shone on the closest side, sending deep shadows far into the

undergrowth.

The dragon moaned groggily.

"Toothless get up you lazy dragon," Hiccup poked his head lightly with his foot.

Another crack sounded and Hiccup stood defensively with the knife clutched in both hands in front of him. If the dragon hadn't been sleeping on his weapons he might feel a little more safe, but with just a knife he was pretty much done for.

He held his ground before noticing a fern shuffle several meters past the initial tree.

"Pssst, Toothless!" He attempted to wake the dragon again through a whisper out of the side of his mouth.

Still no response. Did he not understand that there was an imminent threat to Hiccup's very survival? The viking fumed at the thought. Usually Toothless would pounce to his defence at the slightest sound of danger!

Hiccup suddenly tensed as his green gaze met with another pair of glowing, bright blue ones.

### 3. 3- How to find Food

The smell of rancid dragon breath erupted into Hiccup's dream and he was quickly awakened by the intruding dragon.

"Toothless!" He groaned as the enormous dragon pawed his stomach. "Go get breakfast or something," he shooed him away and rubbed his eyes.

Toothless responded with a grunt and marched down the beach, taking post by the water to watch for any sign of silver fish scales.

Hiccup stretched and sat up, remembering the odd creature he had encountered the night before. He was desperately eager to find it again and see if he could tame it. The sun shone bright above their heads, and blue skies spread from the sea to the treetops. It almost felt muggy with humidity.

He pulled at his tunic and leather armor, with the heat radiating off the sand.

"Maybe I should make a shelter," he half-spoke to himself. Several branches overhung a small area just off the sand that was shaded. Hiccup set off to pull large leaves and branches over a single area, tying them to adjacent trees with some of the rope they had brought. He gathered other leaves and sticks to cover the holes on top and ward off any rain in case of a possible rainstorm; but this heat would suggest otherwise.

Soon he had formed a rough roof and the unfamiliar heat began to get to him. He pulled the bags that had been tied to Toothless under the leaves and into the shade. The satchel of water was practically

luke-warm. He groaned with thirst.

"Bud, I'm going to see if there's food somewhere in the jungle. I'll be right back," he called over.

Toothless just wiggled his tail slightly in recognition and stared determined into the water.

Hiccup pulled his leather armor over his broadening shoulders and left them behind, carrying only a knife to cut fruit off of a tree if necessary. The jungle looked much more inviting in the daylight, but remained an odd scene that was unusual compared to Berk's regular setting.

It hadn't been long before Hiccup was able to find some edible looking fruit hanging off of a broad-leafed bush. They were blue and orange, almost with a layer of fuzz covering them. He quickly chopped off a few and decided to look further for any other foreign 'delicacies'. The clearing awning before him was darker with massive tree coverage. He froze and stared at the waning blackness.

Suddenly, a rustle in the bushes ahead caught his attention. He saw a flash of blue from the underbrush, and as his eyes adjusted, he saw the blue eyes. He instinctively knelt down, holding out a hand. It was several meters in front of him, and managed to conceal itself in the darkness. Not it's entire shape could hide though and Hiccup managed to make out the shape of one of its wings that stretched out behind a fern. It looked smaller than a Nadder, but had a similar colour scheme to that of Stormfly.

"Hey, I won't hurt you," he tried to coax it out. The glowing pupils shrunk and in an instant, the creature was gone. "Hm," Hiccup stood back up and roughly dusted off his pants, "guess it hasn't seen a viking before."

Toothless was lounging in the soft sand when Hiccup returned with a sack full of different fruits. The dragon turned and trotted over to him delightedly as he stepped out of the trees, and nuzzled his chest.

"Hey, I found some fruitsâ€¦ I think. Check it out," he held up the blue and orange one. Toothless sniffed it curiously but quickly lost interest. "This might be the only food you get!" He turned around to throw the rations under the shade before stopping in his tracks. At least five fish were stacked on a rock close by. He rolled his eyes. "Of course HE'S the one who catches five fish."

Toothless let out a chortle, or as much of a laugh as a dragon can make.

"Yeah quit while you're ahead."

The dragon turned it's head to the sky curiously.

Hiccup sat down against a tree, the sun began to cast behind the island, leaving their beach in near darkness.

He pulled out a book with the Berk crest on it and flipped through the pages. "Typhoomerang, Scorp Spike, Black Nadder, Speed

Stinger..." the discoveries enlisted memories of the past few years.

Toothless had been smelling the air, trying to look above for an oncoming dragon attack, but seemed to have a constant feeling of disappointment.

"Bud, you're not going to find much. Most dragons will be headed to their nests by now."

The dragon growled in opposition.

Hiccup continued scrawling down notes and a crude drawing of the wing he had seen.

\_Small, blue scales with a ring of green? Glowing blue eyes. Baby Nadder?\_

If this was the only species of dragon on the island, maybe he could find more of them; especially since he figured the one he had just seen was the same one from the night before.

Toothless let out a groan and continued smelling.

"Give it a rest!"

He picked up one of his fruits and held it whilst finishing up his entry. He lifted it to his mouth, aiming to take a bite, before a fierce sound of wind whizzed past his face, dislodging the fruit from his hand and sent it into the sand. Hiccup froze and backed away from the forest. Toothless had finally caught on to the scent and took a defense stance, growling at the trees as if they held a dark enemy.

#### 4. 4- How to count Scales

Hiccup held his hand on Toothless' head to steady himself. It must be a dragon or toothless would not be so defensive.

"Maybe he's friendly bud, don't scare him off."

The dragon looked at him doubtfully but scanned the trees. The ferns near the shelter rustled.

Hiccup's breath hitched; he realized that at this point it would either lunge and he would probably die, or it would walk out cautiously.

He backed up and his heel bumped into the fruit, he looked down at it and froze.

Below the blue and orange fruit, a foul-smelling green slime oozed onto the sand. But that was not what concerned him. Imbedded in the fruit was a knife.

His knife to be exact.

His gaze whipped back to the trees. The uncomfortable feeling of nervousness arose in his gut- and he barely ever felt anxious around

dragons anymore.

Toothless took a step forward, preparing to lunge if he felt it was necessary.

The ferns rustled and Hiccup could make out a wing tip poke out from behind a tree. He held back his dragon. "Calm down bud! It's just a little dragon," he walked forward and crouched low like he had done before. "I'll show you."

The wing flinched at his approach.

"Hey it's okay I'm not going to hurt you," he tried making clicking noises to sound friendly, but it made no move in advancing. He had scooted a few meters towards the new dragon; excitement and tension coursed through him. The fern rustled and a figure finally emerged. Hiccup found himself lifting his head to meet its eyes. His mind went blank.

Toothless' ears went back in surprise.

The creature had poked its face out of the bush and crouched in front of him, face to face.

It wasn't a dragon.

It was a girl.

They both stared at each other for a long time before Hiccup eventually got the courage to stick his hand out to her. She cringed but looked at it, then back up at him. Her eyes were the brightest blue he had ever seen.

"Hi," he tried to give her a friendly smile.

She blinked and gave a smile back.

"I'm Hiccup."

She cocked her head, as if she didn't know what he meant.

He pointed to himself, "Hi-ccup."

She stared and then pointed at herself. Her voice was rough, as if it hadn't been used in a long time, but had a beautiful tone.

"Meyla."

Hiccup's eyes widened. 'Meyla' meant 'little girl' in his language. She was a viking? He backed up and began to stand.

She followed, clearly feeling a bit more confident, keeping her eyes on him tentatively. She stood up and stepped onto the warm sand, exposing herself to the open air.

Hiccup blinked in confusion. Behind the girl, he could make out two, medium-sized blue wings. He tried to look behind her but she moved away and tucked them behind her self-consciously. She wore brown clothes, torn in several places, and pieces of blue scattered throughout her outfit. Her hair was tied on one side in a near braid, and the tips of her hair seemed blue as well. Two bright blue



feathers stuck out from over her left ear. He noticed that she was actually fairly pretty, but shook the thought away.

Toothless watched amused.

"You're a human, with wings?" His voice escaped him in utter shock.

Her eyes flashed in the darkening atmosphere.

"You're the dragon I've been seeing!" He clutched his hair in his fists and spun around. "Oh wow! this is- this is just amazing, I- I can't believe," his eyes met hers again.

They just stared blankly back.

His foot had bumped into the fruit again in his excitement and he turned to look down at it. "You! you saved me." He bent down to pick it up.

Quick as a flash, she lunged out and smacked his forearm away from it.

"Engi!" She let out a cry. "Eitr."

Now it was Hiccup's turn to look at her confused.

"Engi taka! Eitr." She began kicking sand over it.

Toothless pushed his way over to the two. He made a grumble and her attention immediately turned to him and she smiled brightly.

"Nã³tt MÃ³r!" She stuck out her hand and the dragon met her touch with ease.

Hiccup lifted an eyebrow, "Woah! okay." Toothless was never this friendly with strangers.

She held Toothless' head and appeared to be whispering.

Hiccup noticed her wings. They were definitely the same blue ones he had seen before, except now he could tell that they nearly touched the ground. They were scaled like any dragons would be and the scales disappeared as they came into contact with her skin.

Hiccup leaned closer trying to listen to what she might be saying but she wasn't saying actual words. Just making noises, and Toothless murmured. Wait a second! dragon noises.

"You can speak dragon?!"

She turned back to him at the mention of the word 'dragon'.

"Bã°, Hiccup," she held her forehead as if she was trying to think as hard as she possibly could before pointing to him, touching his chest lightly with her finger, "human. I-" her eyes squinted, "I- I am Dragon Wing."

Hiccup sat against a tree on the edge of the beach, with the moon rising overhead. He watched Meyla curiously as she held down the fruit with her foot that he had almost been poisoned with, and ripped the knife from it. She washed it in the ocean water and carried it carefully back to him, settling it in the sand.

"Poi-son," she murmured.

Hiccup nodded, "Yeah! poison. About that, thank you," he looked at her.

She tucked her legs under her and sat next to him without a word.

He coughed and Toothless settled down behind them. "How did you get here?"

She blinked. "Get?" At least she was able to understand some of his words- maybe she was taught.

"You know! how you, got here?"

"Dragon Wing's always here."

Hiccup tried not to let his mouth hang open at this new discovery. The guys back on Berk would never believe him.

Meyla quietly watched the ocean, pleased that she had found a companion, or two.

He reached behind him and pulled out his book, flipping to the newest blank page. He began to draw her. He traced her facial features, cheek and jaw bones, the rise in her eyebrows, the hair that fell over her face, her hair feathers, her wings.

Toothless was nuzzling her shoulder and she scratched his forehead.

She finally looked back over and saw him scribbling. Her curiosity peaked as he would repeatedly look at her then continue scrawling. She leaned over and looked at the page.

Hiccup was reluctant to show her- only Toothless ever saw his drawings; but her dragon-like eyes ignited when she caught a glimpse of it. She pointed at the page.

"Human?"

"Well, part human. It's you."

A wide, beaming smile stretched across her face as she ripped the book from his hands and walked away, examining the picture in the moonlight.

"Um, wait, no, I don't think you should!"

"Ek litask manlÃ-kan! Dreki VÃngr litask lÃ-ki manlÃ-kan!" Her shouts grew louder.

Hiccup stood up, wary about her holding his most precious book and

yelling in a foreign language. But he stopped and watched as she began to dance around delightedly.

She stared before beginning to flip through the pages wildly. "Oh! Night Fury!" She pointed to the page, "Nadder, Monstrous Nightmare," she read the words, associating them with the pictures.

Toothless watched her and made a rumbling sound in his chest.

Meyla was laughing and she clutched the book close to her.

Hiccup was enthralled by her amusement. She reminded him of Astrid- when she was in a good mood; he self-consciously pulled on the braids behind his right ear she had made.

Her hair bounced around and her wings took tiny flaps of enthusiasm. She raced back over and looked up at Hiccup. He had almost forgotten that she was a little bit shorter than him because her wings added another foot above her head.

"Human!" Her eyes were large and round and full of joy.

"Do you not know what you look like?"

"Look, dragon?"

"Not exactly."

Her head perked and Hiccup looked away awkwardly. He marched back to the shelter, and dug into a basket for some rations.

She let out a chuckle.

"What's so funny?" He turned back around.

"Hiccup can't fly," she pointed to his back.

"Ha, ha. That's very funny. Of course I can't fly! I'm not a Dragon Wing," he let out an exasperated sigh as she laughed. He realized afterwards that to her, every human must have wings- that's all she's ever known. Hiccup smiled and leaned back against his tree with a piece of old bread. He offered her some but she shook her head politely.

"Where do you live?"

"Live?"

"You have a home don't you? A family?"

"Home." She closed her eyes, "oh, heimili!" She stretched a finger into the forest somewhere. "Home."

"Are there more of you?" he hated to feel like he was prying.

"More!"

"You know, Dragon Wing's."

"Dragon Wing's?" Her attitude shifted, "Allr feigr."

"Allr feigrâ€| what does that mean?" He took another bite and nearly spat it back out.

"Allâ€|" she wracked her mind for the word, "dead!" She said it as if it was just another fact.

Hiccup froze, "What do you mean DEAD?"

"All dead."

"That's not exactly explaining the situation," he sighed sarcastically and rubbed his temple. "What happened?"

"Meyla escape," her eyes dimmed as they watched the sand and the smile disappeared. She clutched her legs and looked as if she were living the experience all over again.

"Escape- what exactly?"

She gulped, "SÃ³l Svala," tears welled up in her eyes.

Hiccup sighed, "hey it's okay- whoever it is, it can't get you here."

Her gaze quickly met his, the fear of loss emanating from them. "It's everywhere."

"Woah woah, hold on. What does this guy do?"

"Dragon."

"Oh, sorry, what does this dragon do?"

Meyla looked away.

"What does SÃ³l Svala mean Meyla."

Her pupils shrunk and her hands shook.

"Sun Swallower."

## 6. 6- How to Race your Dragon

The pack on which Hiccup had been resting on was ripped out from under him, waking him to the world quickly as his head struck the ground. "Toothless!" he groaned, rubbing his temple, "what was that for?"

The dragon shoved his face into the pack but came back empty handed. His eyes flicked to his rider, indicating that there was no food left.

"Yeah yeah we'll go get some later."

The dragon raced onto the sand, hopping about excitedly and turned back to him.

"What, you want to go flying?" Hiccup stood and walked onto the sand.

At the mention of the 'f word' Toothless flapped giddily.

"Okay okayâ€¦ hey am I forgetting something?" He scratched his hair.

Toothless cocked his head and looked around.

"Where's Meyla?" Hiccup's heart began to race. He had only just met her and he had already lost her? What kind of viking does that? "Oh gods we did not lose her already!" He gripped his hair with his fists in frustration and paced on the beach.

"You are upset?" The soothing voice appeared at the edge of the grass.

"Meyla! I-Iâ€¦ um," he coughed, "I'm fine. Just didn't know where you went."

She raised an eyebrow, "Look more worried."

"Well, Iâ€¦ have- stress problems, uh, yeah that's it." He noticed that she had one of his bags slung over her shoulder. "You have my bag?" he indicated to it. Her english seemed to be getting much better.

"Food. Caught Night Fury eating all under moon."

"Oh you did, did you?" He turned and gave Toothless a suspicious look, who instantly looked away nonchalantly.

"Well thank you."

Meyla handed him a smooth, green fruit- one that he mentally noted was in fact edible.

She also took one out and began munching on it.

"You find dragons today?"

Hiccup shrugged, "maybe, are there more dragons on this island?"

Meyla glanced into the trees, "Not many. Onlyâ€¦" she thought for the english words. "skipâ€¦ spinners. Oh, and preying nurse."

"Those don't sound too dangerous. What are they like?" his curiosity about the dragons peaked.

"Skips are not bad. They just emit gas that makes sick- not dead. Theâ€¦ nurse- they small."

"How small?"

She held up her hand and measured the length of her finger.

"Wellâ€¦ that's pretty small. Maybe smaller than the fireworm's."

"Fireâ€¦ worm?"

"Yeah never mind. Continue. The nurse sounds like it's docile. Do you use it for medicine?"

Meyla blinked, not understanding half of his words. "Nurse injects poison, die instantly."

"Oh okay, so... not friendly. I'll keep that in mind. Toothless wants to go flying- I better take him. We will be back soon though, okay?"

"Fly?" Meyla jumped up ecstatically and Toothless pranced around at the mention of the word again.

"Yeah," Hiccup stuck a foot in the saddle and swung himself over.

"I fly!"

"Oh yeah, I forgot you have wingsâ€¦ you want to get on Toothless? We go pretty fast," he rubbed the back of his head shyly, trying not to brag.

"Meyla will keep up!"

"You'reâ€¦ sure about that?" He watched her amused.

"Yes!"

"Well alright then." Without another word, Hiccup hooked his foot into the stirrup and Toothless shot off the ground, like a bullet leaving a barrel. The sudden impact of wind and gravity against him felt odd after not flying for two days- but the pair needed a break after their journey. Toothless flapped rigorously up into the sparse clouds. "Yeah baby!" Hiccup shouted.

"Baby!" Meyla's voice mimicked from somewhere.

Hiccup levelled out the dragon's flying as he looked around, almost forgetting that she was behind him.

"Meyla?" he called.

"What is baby?"

Hiccup spun around, his heart pounding in his chest. Meyla was crouched directly behind him on Toothless.

"Meyla! I thought you were flying?"

"I fly!" She laughed and leapt off the dragon, her wings expanded.

Hiccup managed to catch glimpses of their pure dragon figure in the sunlight- her scales almost sparkled. But the moment fled because in less than a second she was far ahead and her wings closed in after the initial launch.

Toothless did the same, spreading his wings and closing them to gain

momentum.

Meyla yelled back something, but it must have been in dragon because Toothless instantly groaned and tried to speed up. She was taunting him!

Hiccup laughed. "Don't hurt yourself!"

Her lithe form took an immediate dive and straightened out below him.

He was amazed that she could keep up with the night fury. Hiccup looked down, noticing the island- surrounded by beaches, with the volcano and forest. It was truly a remarkable place.

Meyla had expanded her wings again and drifted upwards on the wind current, coming level with the dragon and rider. "Aldri rÃ¡s nakkvarr dreki vÃ¡ngr," she yelled over the rushing wind.

"What does that mean?"

"Never race a dragon wing!" and with that she tucked in her wings and sped ahead, as if she was the wind itself.

Hiccup watched in awe, amazed that something could out-speed a night fury who was already reaching his maximum speed, as impossible as that sounds.

"You are slow."

"Is that the best insult you can come up with?" Hiccup taunted back and ruffled his wind-blown hair, trying to fix it.

"Dragi, lÇ«ngubak mann-ligr," Meyla spoke and fixed her own braid after the speeding wind had gelled it into splaying directions.

"Okay I don't know what that means, but I'm pretty sure it was insulting."

She let out a chuckle and sat in the sand. "Hiccup?"

He emptied the last of the sand out of his shoe and sat down next to her. "Mhmm?" he turned his attention to the ocean.

Toothless muscled his way around them and laid down, his chest still rising and falling quickly.

"Where your family?"

"Back on an island far away."

She paused, fidgeting her fingers. "I meet them?"

Hiccup's eyes widened. He didn't know if that would be a good or bad idea at this point. She may have a human temperament but he hadn't figured it all out yet himself. "Maybe one day."

"Then you stay here."

"Stay? Here? I uhâ€¦" He met her gaze, which was a bad idea because his cheeks flushed a bright pink. He rubbed the back of his neck self-consciously. "I'd love to, but- I promised everyone I wouldn't stay away too long."

"Everyone?"

"Yeah; dad, Fishlegs, Gobber, Astrid."

"Mate?"

"My, uh, what?" His eyes shifted to anywhere but her.

"Mate. You sighed when you said Astrid."

"Oh, she'sâ€¦ a good friend," he tried to explain. He and Astrid were in no way 'mate's' but he didn't think Meyla would understand the concept of girlfriend's and boyfriend's.

Meyla just nodded.

"So you have a home in there somewhere?" He gestured to the forest, trying to change the subject.

She smiled quickly, indicating a 'yes'.

"Can I see?"

Her eyes widened, but not in fear- in excitement.

## 7. 7- How to Whack a Bush

"Are we there yet?"

"No."

"We're going to hit the ocean soon!"

Meyla ignored him and continued slashing through the undergrowth.

Hiccup had let her borrow a light sword to hack back bushes and vines with; he was regretting that decision. She maliciously slashed away at the greenery, leaving stubs of plant leaves. He cringed as she beheaded another fern.

Toothless grumbled behind him. They had gathered up their supplies early this morning and stacked their bags and packs onto the dragon- other than the large one dangling from Hiccup's hip. He had not expected the journey to take this long, maybe an hour, not four- this jungle was larger than he had thought.

He followed her sighing, thinking that he should be the one destroying half the jungle. He kept his distance behind her for fear of getting his ear chopped off.

"Do you know where you're going?"

"Always, I know."



There was no way to see the sky to measure how far they'd gone or what time it was by the sun. They were aimlessly wandering, or at least Hiccup thought so.

"So what made you want to live way out here anyways?"

"Shelter."

"Do you get rain storms?"

"Yes. But mostly need to hide from it."

"Rightâ€¦ the Sun Swallower," Hiccup shrugged his shoulders and watched her slay another bush. There had been no sign of the alleged dragon thus far; he wondered if it actually existed.

Meyla whipped around and stuck the edge of the blade gently to this chest. "No joke."

Hiccup's breath hitched as her face got eerily close to his, but her voice was threatening. "Right! I wasn'tâ€¦!"

She let out an exasperated sigh and turned back around, as if she was tired of his attempt at humour.

Hiccup stared, confused for a moment. She had guts- he had to admit that. His mind flickered back to Astrid as he slowly trotted along behind Meyla. The way her hair was perfectly braided, and her eyes a dazzling blueâ€¦ the way her nose twitched when she was nervous and the smell of dew- wait, he froze. That sounded like Meyla. She indeed had all of those qualities, but she wasn't exactly human. He shook himself back to reality.

"Can we take a break?" He needed to sit and clear his mind.

Meyla clutched the blade harder then relaxed, "quickly."

Toothless let out a loud dragon humph and sat down.

Meyla disappeared into the trees briefly muttering while Hiccup took a seat across the tiny clearing against a tree. The only words he could make out her say were: "Ã³sterkligr mÇ«gr, hann heppinn hann frÃ-Ã°r." He shook his head- he would never understand her.

He observed his metal foot, beginning to get worn down by the moisture and sand. He picked out a few clumps of grass that had weaved their way through it and sighed. Lying his head back against the moist bark he closed his eyes, intent on getting a little dragon-nap before they headed off again into the wilderness.

\* \* \*

><p>It didn't take long before he was awoken by the shuffling of feet. He blinked open his eyes to see Meyla standing a few meters from him, sword in hand.<p>

"Hiccup," she said as quietly as she could, "don't move." Her eyes flicked above him and he froze. She stared for a moment before

chattering something. It was more of a high-pitched clicking sound, than her usual murmuring with Toothless.

Suddenly, the same noise erupted right next to his ear. His eyes consequently widened. A dragon! He couldn't see it, but it must be right above his head.

Meyla tried to reach forward with her hand, Hiccup watched her entranced. It was the same technique he used when training dragons, and it was the first contact he had made with Toothless.

She outstretched her palm above his hair and a yipping sound erupted loudly. Her eyes flew open.

"Run!"

"What?" He tried to say calmly.

"I said run!" She yelped and in the next second he was off the ground, tearing across the mossy floor through branches that whipped him in the face.

"What is it?"

"Skip Spinners! It called more."

"More are coming?"

"Not unless we run!"

Toothless had lumbered far ahead, unused to the surroundings, but barging his way through the brush, leaving a path of destruction in his wake. Well that would have made it easier before!

Hiccup tried to hurry, but gradually he could see Meyla getting farther away. His leg was squeaking from the moisture and he tried to pick up his pace, but ended up getting a branch in the face. His bottom thudded against the ground and he stood up again, holding his nose.

He had to blink a few times, to keep from tearing up, and as his vision cleared his eyes came face to face with a pair of strange black ones, alien-like. Skip Spinner. It was about the size of a Terrible Terror but smoother in shape, more rounded, but with fast, agile legs. It had caught him, and before he could move, it had emitted a gas that encompassed him. He kneeled over, gasping for breath. The world began spinning and he had no idea what was wrong with him. His stomach wretched and his spine convulsed. The sound of footsteps far ahead was the last thing he heard before his vision went dark.

\* \* \*

><p>Meyla sat hovered over Hiccup, clutching a damp cloth to his forehead.<p>

He woke slowly and groggily. He blinked up at the girl, but his head spun and felt woozy. An odd light came from somewhere behind her and made her hair emanate a gold sheen, and in his hallucinatory state she looked like she was glowing.

"Don't move. You're sick," the soothing voice cooed.

"Youâ€|" he reached up feebly with a weak hand and held the side of her face in it, smiling delightedly. She looked like Astrid, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

"I said don't move," she sighed.

Toothless shoved his nose between the two, but was pushed back.

Meyla chattered back at him in dragonese and Toothless grunted, sitting back on his hind legs, watching curiously. "SÃ;si a hann forlÇ«g," she sighed.

Hiccup's head swirled and he gently pushed the girl out of the way to wretch over the side of the bed. He pulled himself back up and watched the dark ceiling.

"What happened?" He managed to mumble.

"Skip Spinner got you. Toothless pulled you out in time." She replaced the cloth with some kind of medical leaves over his forehead.

"Whereâ€|"

"This," she gestured around her with a proud smile, although he couldn't quite see anything, "is my home."

Hiccup grabbed her hand and pulled her closer without her warning, bringing them to his chest. Her eyes widened, stunned.

"I missed you," his voice came out babbling.

"You sleep, you seeing things," she tried to pull back.

"Astridâ€|" he slurred.

"Astrid? Your mate?" Meyla stared confused, then looked away forlorn, "I am not her, Hiccupâ€|" I am sorry. She..."

"No," he ran the back of his finger over her cheek, "Meyla."

## 8. 8- How to make a Wave

Hiccup lurched forward, gasping for air. His eyes adjusted to his dimly lit surroundings, as he clutched his chest. His breathing slowed after he had woken from the terrible nightmare, but he woke to discover that it hadn't been a dream. He had gotten ill and fallen to the mercy of hungry dragons.

Where was he?

He pulled the light blanket off his legs and swung them around to the floor. Taking a breath, he readied himself to stand, but stumbled on the first try. His leg wasn't doing so well after running so far in the undergrowth.

Toothless must have heard him and stuck his head in the tiny doorway. He poked Hiccup's chest with his nose and Hiccup grabbed hold of the dragon, who helped lift him onto the ground.

"Thanks bud," he croaked out. The pair moved slowly towards the door, where Hiccup transferred his weight from the dragon to the doorway. Upon being exposed to the open air, he realized how cold he suddenly felt, and looked down to discover that he was not wearing a shirt.

"Great," he tried to look around but it was very bright outside in the clearing; midday perhaps, when the sun shone directly into the area.

The sudden onset of footsteps snapped his attention to the trees, where he watched Meyla stride into the camp with a bag over her shoulder. She placed it next to the hut and went to check on some clothes hanging from a line. She hadn't noticed him yet, but he was curious. She took the clothes off of it, one looked suspiciously like his tunic, and the others must have been hers because she wasn't wearing the same clothes. Presently she wore a light blue top, similar to Astrid's, he noted, that had a hole over one shoulder, and brown pants that went just below her knees.

She turned around with the clothes in hand and stopped in her tracks at seeing him standing in the doorway watching her. She was still in the light and Hiccup couldn't make out what she was doing until she got closer. Her eyes met his and he could have sworn they flickered over his exposed torso, her cheeks went a light pink and she looked away.

Hiccup couldn't help but feel slightly awkward for getting caught watching.

She pushed past him into the hut, "you should not be up."

"Well I am," he crossed his arms and turned around to see her stacking the clothes on the bed. "And you stole my shirt."

She whipped around with an amusing glare on her face, "you were sick! Sweating like a pig- I had to wash it!"

"Hey, whoa, I'm just joking," he held up his hands in defense, "thank you."

Meyla let out a humph.

"So this is where you live? It's pretty nice."

"I built it."

"All by yourself?" She nodded sadly; must be a touchy subject.

"What happened after I blacked out? I felt gross but I don't knowâ€¦"

"You don't remember?" Her eyes widened and she looked at him from the dim shelter.

"Um, no. Should I?"

Meyla tensed, straightening her arms and marched past him, "no." She plunked down onto a log that had been rolled into the clearing and turned away from him, clutching some materials that she hid from his view and worked vigorously away- probably trying to make something. Her wings sagged behind her and spread out on the dry grass.

Hiccup gave Toothless a shoulder shrug, which got him a shake of the head in response. He grabbed his familiar green tunic off the bed and pulled it down over his upper half.

"Is there water around here?"

She refused to speak, and instead pointed somewhere behind the hut.

"Thanks," he limped past his dragon who followed devotedly, and when they were out of earshot he mumbled, "womenâ€|"

It was only a short distance behind the hut where a pond cascaded into the landscape, sending ripples across the water. The quaint pond was just large enough to be considered a pool, and the tiny stream that flowed into it provided a calming atmosphere. He eyed the beauteous area and knelt down to get a drink, but was quickly interrupted with a bump from Toothless that sent him face-first in the water.

"Toothless!"

The dragon chortled and stuck his own face in the water, clearly trying to lighten the mood.

Hiccup laughed in response and clambered onto the dragon's head. "Aha! See now I got you!"

Toothless simply shoved his face back into the water, with Hiccup clinging to him, dunking him again.

He resurfaced and spluttered water. "You useless dragon," he tried splashing him.

It had little affect, but Toothless took it as a playful challenge. He leapt into the water, sending a wave over the twenty year-old.

Hiccup's body bobbed to the surface as he held his breath.

Toothless' eyes widened as he raced forward, nudging the limp body. Worry filled his eyes as he picked up the boy in his mouth by the belt and tried to pull him out of the water.

Hiccup took it as a chance to swing around onto his neck and dunk the dragons own head into the water. He yelled triumphantly, but was thrown forward again and landed with a splash.

He came up laughing, only to hear the laughter of Meyla, who had been quietly sitting on the edge of the water and was snickering at the two.

"Hey what's so funny?" He called with a joking tone, not caring that she had just been caught spying on them.

She just laughed harder.

Hiccup signaled something to Toothless, who immediately marched over to her and flung her into the water.

Meyla let out a scream in surprise, but was laughing hysterically when she surfaced near Hiccup.

Toothless quickly managed to shove his way back into the water and rolled around in the tiny pond- probably emptying most of its contents.

Hiccup managed to drag himself onto the bank and collapse. The sun was beginning to set far above the treetops, sending orange light throughout the clouds. He hadn't even noticed that Meyla had joined him, sprawled out on the edge of the water. They let their soaked clothes drain back into the water, as Toothless continued to roll around in it.

"Are you mad at me?" Hiccup asked, not letting his gaze move from the sky.

Meyla turned to look at him, "no. I am glad you are better." She tried to get the English words out properly.

A smirk spread on Hiccup's face. "How long was I sleeping?"

"Two suns."

"Well that's not too bad, remind me to never cross paths with those little devils again."

"They usually not attack. Must be little food left on island."

Hiccup finally turned to her, "you realize that means we are the prey right?"

Her blue eyes widened in fear as she nodded. "We have to leave, don't we?" A tear sparkled in her eye.

"Not yet," he looked up to find Toothless stumbling out of the water and shook.

They were both sprayed with a wave of mist.

"Agh! Toothless!"

Meyla chuckled and wiped the droplets off her arms. "So much for washing clothes."

The trio padded back into the clearing, dripping wet. She helped to start a slow fire next to the log before ducking into the hut where she would be changing. Hiccup averted his gaze to the fire, so as not to see anything he wasn't supposed to. She reappeared wearing a dark green tunic that looked much too large to be hers and similar pants

to the ones she had on before. Her wings were tucked behind her as she tried to keep them from getting in the way.

"You should sleep."

"No."

"It's your turn- I just woke up remember, I'm going to be awake for awhile."

Meyla sighed, "fine. You watch fire."

He nodded to her as she slipped back inside. Hiccup watched her go, and he spent a while staring into the flames. He shivered at the cold though and noticed that he was still in his waterlogged clothes. Pulling his shirt over his head, he wrung it back out and lay it over the line. The fire finally began to warm him, and Toothless seemed to be enjoying the heat as well as he already lay sleeping across the pit.

Hiccup looked up to the stars, where the dark treetops touched the heavens.

## 9. 9- How to spot a Dragon

The sun was beginning to rise and Hiccup had been sitting by the fire for a long while, but decided that he might as well make use of his time and collect some more food. Through the night he began to think about the other vast lands with varieties of dragons farther away and out of reach. His mission was to find dragons after all, maybe he should consider travelling on. A thought crossed his mind- Meyla. He couldn't just leave her alone, with some possible deadly dragon that murdered her entire family. But he didn't feel like it was safe to take her with him. She had no idea how to act or respond around humans, and was barely socially acceptable.

Hiccup caught himself smiling, maybe that was why he liked her- she was like him. Awkward, quirky, and she stood up for what she believed in.

He had been marching through the trees in search of familiar fruits that he had learned were not poisonous. He plucked a few green ones off of a vine and tossed them into a bag hanging around exposed shoulders.

The sound of a snapping twig alerted him. He turned around abruptly. A loud, blood-curdling roar erupted from deep within the trees. Hiccup knew instantly that it was a dragon, and that's exactly why he decided to go find it.

His blade at his belt, and his dagger in his hand, he hurriedly ran through the growth, trying to keep as quiet as possible. The trees thinned and he soon found himself staring up at barren rock- the volcano. It wasn't active, or at least didn't look active, but still had no trees growing on it. It stretched as far as he could see in his field of vision, it was a mountain after all.

Suddenly to his far right a movement caught his eye. He ducked behind the nearest tree, praying it didn't see him in case it didn't want to

be friends. He peeked out from behind the bark, trying to shallow his breathing from running. His leg ached, but his curiosity was greater than his pain.

Far to the right side of the disappearing trees, it looked like something was moving, but hard to make out. Hiccup saw the outline of it against the volcano. The moon light didn't even reflect off of it. It was large, about half the height of a tree but bigger than a Monstrous Nightmare; and its eyes were black like the Skip Spinners, which matched its scale colour.

Hiccup's eyes widened- it was the Sun Swallower, it must be!

But looking harder only made it more difficult to see. It was black as night, and it's scales reflected those around it, similar to that of a Changewing's, so that it was able to blend in with the surroundings, barely seen. The sheer darkness that coated its body made his blood run cold. Darker than the darkest cave or shadow.

The fear that emanated from him, as he clutched the tiny dagger close to his chest, made his own panting heavy.

He looked out again, but in that moment, the dragon had stopped moving and it's thin black eyes were aimed in his direction, as if it could smell his own fear.

Now he knew.

Meyla was not safe here.

The vines ripped at his clothes and the tree branches whipped his face. He ignored the pain as his adrenaline coursed through him. Another wave of pain from his leg shot up and made him stumble. He collapsed to the ground, quickly trying to get up. It was nearly mid day and the sun was already scorching through the trees, making him sweat as he ran. His limp began to worsen and he finally kneeled over breathless as the camp lay before him.

Meyla, who had been fidgeting with materials again on the log, heard the commotion and raced over. She shoved one of his arms over her shoulders and hoisted him up.

"Meyla!" he gasped for air. It felt like he had run half way across the island.

"Shhh," she silenced, and carried him into the hut, helping him to sit on the bed out of the sun. "What happened? No, you are silly. Running and- and," she paused to look at him closer. Scratches dotted his chest, torso, and arms. She sighed and fetched a damp cloth, cleaning up the traces of blood. "Look what you did!" she tutted.

Hiccup watched amused. He was in pain, and slightly overheating, but her care and sass always entertained him. His mind flashed back to what he had seen and he nearly heaved. "Meyla! I saw it," his eyes grew wider as he met hers. His breathing slowed as he felt the adrenaline beginning to wear off.

When she finally understood just what he was trying to say, she fell to her knees, clutching her eyes in her hands. Tears fell onto her



lap.

Hiccup couldn't help but feel sadness for her. Hearing that the creature that had killed everybody she loved is still alive, is probably not easy to acknowledge. He knelt down on one knee next to her, daring not to put more weight on the other, and stretched an arm over her shoulder. She quickly curled up into him, crying against his chest.

"Meyla," he croaked, choking back his own tears, "we need to get off this island."

The sobbing subsided and she lifted her eyes to meet his. "Weâ€¦ leave?"

Hiccup nodded slowly.

Meyla stared at the floor. "Thisâ€¦ is my home. I do not know any where else."

"And that's why I'm here," he smiled reassuringly, heaping her to stand. "We can go back to Berk for awhile, until you find a new home. Otherwise I'm not sure where you could go."

She sighed and looked at the door, where Toothless peered in curiously. "I can't go."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, "I think the only way to keep you safe is to leave!"

She shoved him off suddenly and stormed outside, with tear lines down her cheek.

He groaned and tried to go after her, but Toothless nudged his chest and blocked his path. He sat back on the ragged bed and checked his scratches. He understood that Meyla had an emotional connection to the island- it was her home. But that didn't mean it was safe to stay here. Her family was killed, making her possibly the last Dragon Wing in existence; and if he didn't try to save her then what was the point of being a hero really?

## 10. 10- How to climb a Tree

**\*\*Hello all! I wanted to say a massive thank you for your interest in this story. Hearing feedback and seeing how intrigued some of you are with the story is always amazing. Don't be afraid to give constructive criticism so I can make it better- just don't be mean :). I appreciate every one of you and hope to hear from more of you soon!\*\***

**\*\*I do have a detailed plotline for this, it's not just thrown out there every couple days I publish- if you're wondering. And this isn't the end! Don't you worry!\*\***

**\*\*Special shoutout to Dawnbreaker Dragon who has been continually supporting this and for all your awesomeness!\*\***

**\*\*~Enjoy\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"Hiccup! Don't go that way! The best trees are over here."<p>

He rolled his eyes and followed her. Toothless had stayed back to guard the camp, and Hiccup was missing his dragon companion by his side. Meyla and him had decided to collect more food for the day-long journey home, and Toothless was gratefully resting in preparation.

The jungle sounded alive with the chirping of birds and the wind blowing through the trees. If there wasn't an imminent death threat, it could be a wonderful vacation spot he noted.

They stepped over to some low trees with bunches of fruit on it. Meyla busily picked as much as possible and placed them in her bag. Hiccup joined, but when he bent over, a soft, blue item fell out of his bag and hit the grass. Meyla, with acute hearing, whipped around and looked at it.

"What is that?"

Hiccup turned around, and saw that she was pointing at his stuffed dragon. "Oh," he quickly bent down and picked it up embarrassed, "it's nothing."

Meyla ignored his sheepish reply, and took it from his hands with care. "Youâ€| have a toy?"

He blushed lightly, not many grown men carried around a stuffed toy.

"I like it," she examined it curiously. "Where'd you get it?"

"My mom made it for me."

"She's talented."

"She was."

Meyla's smile dropped and she looked at him sorrowfully. "I'm sorry."

"Don't, she left when I was really little. I don't have many memories of her." His head hung as he watched the ground.

"Well," she placed it back in his hands, "don't lose it."

Hiccup smiled at her as she stood there staring for a moment before turning around awkwardly and began collecting berries again. He paused and looked around. The trees covering their heads above looked like they could have food on them as well. "Hey, are those edible?" He pointed up to it.

Meyla shrugged, "not worth it."

"Why not? It's food isn't it?"

She sighed, "If you want it, get it."

Hiccup faced the thin bark and stared up at the swaying branches. It could only about a 10 foot climb. He wrapped his legs around the trunk and tried shimmying his way up, only to quickly crash down with a thud.

He heard Meyla snickering from a short distance away.

He muscled himself up, rolling up his sleeves, and tried again. He fell on his butt that time.

She let out a loud laugh.

He pouted and got up, determined to prove the mocking Dragon Wing wrong. He gripped the bottom with his feet and tried walking up. It seemed to be a better method. He made it to the first branch and clung on, swinging himself up onto it. "Ha!"

Meyla had stopped laughing, but had an amused expression on her face from below him. "And how do you plan on getting down?"

"Eh, I'll figure it out when I get there," he shrugged her off and began collecting the different food. He filled the bag around his shoulder and looked below him in the hopes of getting down. The ground suddenly seemed very far away. He hugged the branch in fright. He closed his eyes shut. "Meyla! You can come get me down now!" There was no answer. She had left the clearing, and Hiccup stranded in a tree. "It's not funny! I don't have wings remember?"

Still nothing.

He sighed and turned around to face the trunk.

"Maybe I can slide down this thing." Something moved on the bark and caught his eye. He had to squint in order to actually see it. "What theâ€¦" A tiny lizard, with orange, sticky fingers and similar scales was stuck to the tree, looking at him. It had a surprisingly long tail with a barb on it. "Awe it's cute!" The tiny creature instantly let out a surprisingly loud screeching sound, and it's tiny wings exploded out of its back. It was a dragon!

Hiccup looked around for Meyla again, but the creature began to climb down the trunk and onto his branch. He shuffled backwards, unsure of how to handle such a tiny little ball of fury. The branch thinned behind him and he looked down, judging the distance and checking to see if the orange lizard was still stalking him. It approached him rapidly and let out another screech.

"I don't think you're friendly!" He quickly swung around and leapt off the branch, sending his body falling through the air. He crashed against the earth, and his metal leg slammed against his flesh- the metal bent out of place and cracked. He stood up and tried to get away as quick as possible, but his prosthetic was bent to such an angle that his right leg was nearly unusable without limping severely.

"Meyla!" He called in fear. He limped to the tree. It didn't look like the dragon had bothered to follow him out of the tree but that didn't mean he was unsure about what to do. Was every dragon on this island hostile? "Meyla!"

He looked around frantically for his friend. Fear closed in on him and his heart thudded strongly against his ribcage. He slashed through a few bushes on one leg, struggling for balance.

A blue tip caught his eye among the undergrowth. He raced over as best he could with one leg and nearly fell on top of her. Her hair was draped over her face and clung to her forehead from sweat. One wing was slung over her body like a shield, and the other splayed behind her. He lifted her head gently onto his lap as a tear slipped off his cheek and landed on her own.

"Meyla!"

He held her body close.

"No. No no no no. You can't be dead. How!" He suddenly realized what happened.

With the rest of his strength he pulled himself upright, cradling her in his arms. With one short leg, he limped through the undergrowth. Meyla's arm hung down and she was limp. The tears still unconsciously poured down his cheeks. He had only made it a short way before he could hear Toothless storming through the forest. He wanted to cry out, but no sound came out. Luckily the dragon smelled him and raced over, sniffing Meyla and looked up at Toothless almost confused.

Hiccup gently slung her over his back and then climbed over behind her.

"Camp, Toothless."

The dragon didn't hesitate to respond, instantly crashing through the bushes.

The distance back felt like an eternity as Hiccup held Meyla steady. The camp still radiated sunlight when they returned, but Hiccup didn't even notice. He carried her quickly inside and onto the cot, with Toothless hot on his heels.

He shook his head mournfully as he ran a hand over her face, sweeping stray hairs from her delicate eyes. Part of her wing had gone red and swollen. She had been poisoned. He kept hearing her voice repeat in his head.

"Preying Nurse."

## 11. 11- How to Swallow the Sun

"H-Hiccup?" her soft voice gurgled from the cot.

He snapped his head up. "Meyla?"

She coughed violently. "Nurse!"

"I know a dragon stung you," he scooted closer to her and took her hand. The tears threatened to spill out of his eyes, but he held strong for her.

"My wing."

"That's where it stung you."

Her voice cracked from her dry throat. "The poison is slow, I'll last a few more days, unless you stop it."

"Well how do I stop it!?"

Her eyes widened as she finally made eye contact him, and they fell to stare at the wall. "You can't. Just, make me go peacefully," she took his hand. It was shaking. Her fear just showed through the cracks. She truly was courageous.

He let a tear slip out, knowing exactly what she meant. "You know I couldn't do that to youâ€|"

"Then I'll die painfully."

"I can't lose you! You're the last of your kind! Iâ€|"

"You know," her eyelids closed half-way, "Your family is lucky."

"Why?" The tears stopped as he gazed at her seriously for a moment at her random statement. He pulled her hands close to his face.

"They have you."

The tears spilled out over his cheeks. Her own eyes brimmed but she was stronger than he was. So many thoughts crossed through his mind. She knew about his mom, and Astrid, and his dad, yet she understood how much they all loved him. She must know what love is; once she had a family too. After they died, she must have felt so much survivor's guilt.

"Youâ€| you accepted that you'd die a long time ago, didn't you?" he said between sobs.

"Yes." She ran one of her hands over his hair. "But then I met you. ForlÇ«g bjÃ³Ã°a," she whispered.

Hiccup sat up and looked at her, tightening his face.

"Check the box," she weakly pointed to a roughly woven grass box in the corner.

"What is it?" He picked it up, examining it carefully.

"Open," her breathing hitched.

Hiccup lifted the lid off tentatively and stared into it. His eyes shot back to hers and met her wide grin. "You didn'tâ€|"

"I knew you were having trouble with your leg."

It was a hand-made, wooden leg. Similar to Gobber's, he noted, but the intricately cut details engraved in the grain said differently. He could make out tiny etchings of dragons, and an island, as well as what he believed was Meyla and him.

"It shouldn't bend or rust," she flashed a weak smile.

He fastened it around his legs with some straps. "You made this for me?"

She gave another smile.

"Thank you," he leaned over and kissed her forehead.

"Hey, try not to give up on me just yet. I'm a-"

"A Dragon Wing, I know." Joyful tears threatened to spill out as he watched her. She closed her eyes and began slipping back into sleep.

Toothless watched with his face lowered, knowing that something was severely wrong with her.

Hiccup left the hut into the waning darkness. The forest was quieting with the onset of nightfall. He stared straight ahead, with Toothless looking confused behind him. He fell to his knees, unwilling to walk any farther.

He let out an angry cry into to the sky that was darkening above the trees. Birds screamed in response to his yells, and Toothless nudged his shoulder in comfort.

She had given him a gift that he would never be able to repay. He clutched his hair in his fists angrily. He could never just leave here there: alone and on death's bed.

The drying tear streaks down his cheeks made his face raw and he wracked his brain for some of the language that Meyla knew best. After many small lessons teaching each other their mother tongues, he had barely remembered any asides from the few he had watched her teach him. He thought back to when she sat across from him in the clearing and mouthed the words directly. He had said them back, and meant them.

"Ek Æ;st Æ¾Æ°, Meyla."

The orange sky seemed to erupt in flame above him. Toothless sent a mournful howl into the sky.

As if by echo, a fuming roar responded. The pair froze, staring unbelievably into the trees. Toothless was instantly on guard, ready to fight, and Hiccup stood back up in defense. Not to defend himself-but to defend Meyla. He would not let anything near the hut until it had killed him first.

The roar echoed again, closer this time. It sounded like a howling wind that would rake through a cavern in a storm.

"The Sun Swallower."

As if on queue, the massive beast exploded into the clearing, sending Hiccup backwards. It clung to several trees, with its tail in the air. The black, iridescent scales seemed nearly invisible against the shadows. He didn't move, hoping it was just passing through; but it's

shiny black eyes were directed at him, and if he was anything like the other dragons on this island, he wasn't friendly.

Hiccup could make out the long snout, thin horns and slender body. It had talons as large as his blade and the spines on its back looked just as threatening when they were arched.

Quick as lightning it lunged, but Toothless shot back quicker and hit its flank. It's screamed loudly and reached for the night fury. Hiccup sped over and slid underneath it, slicing at it's belly while it was reaching for Toothless. The dragon tucked in its wings, lifted off the ground, and did a mid-air roll. Hiccup gawked as it landed on the grass, facing them with hatred in its eyes. It's piercing scream projected at their faces and deafened them for a moment. Hiccup stood stunned.

Regaining his balance, he stood to face it.

A battle cry reverberated behind him. He spun around to see Meyla running towards them, with the look of a true warrior on her face.

"What are you doing?!" He cried out to her. "You're injured!"

"Honoring my family," her eyebrows were furrowed and the hair hung loosely around her face. She looked savage, and Hiccup realized that there was no stopping her.

Instead, he faced the dragon, who was fuming with smoke rising from his nostrils. It lifted off the ground and far up into the sky.

"Run! It's going to light the clearing!"

Toothless scooped the pair onto his back as he bolted for the trees.

The Sun Swallower sent rained down a storm of fire and the trees around them lit up.

Hiccup closed his eyes as he clutched Meyla around the waist. He tried covering her from the flames. Toothless dodged the trees as the flames raced behind them and slowly diminished. He cried out and Hiccup spun around. He could make out his dragon's tail in the darkness as flames licked dangerously close to the vulnerable fabric. He continued to run thorough the dark forest, snapping tendrils and vines and plowing through the undergrowth.

Meyla was hunched over in his embrace.

"We are so dead."

## 12. 12- How to face your Destiny

Dark shadows of trees and the outlines of the mountain ahead illuminated what little path they had. Toothless weaved around the trees and dodged massive brushes that scraped his flank.

Hiccup clutched Meyla, who was even weaker because she had insisted on fighting. Her body shook, but she had the look of a determined warrior in her blue eyes.

The Sun Swallower was scouring the trees somewhere for them. Luckily, Toothless wasn't so easy to spot in the dark as well.

The trees began to thin as the ground began to slope upwards, and the looming volcano stretched before them. Toothless halted abruptly, afraid of being exposed against the grey rock face. They waited silently in the trees, hoping the dragon would not detect them and move on.

Hiccup remembered that this island had been diminishing in food resources. All the dragons had no food, and were forced to seek it elsewhere- even if that meant eating humans or dragons. Only the odd tropical bird would flutter past on their scavenges through the woods; there were no sheep, deer, cows, or readily available fish.

The island had become hostile.

Above their heads, a whooshing gust of wind sent the leaves rattling. Hiccup held his breath, and his heart beat so heavily that he thought the dragon was sure to hear it.

A thunderous cry echoed over the rocks and bounced back. It was close, but the trio had no where to run without being spotted.

Meyla shifted her weight around and lifted her chin. Her voice was weak but defiant. "Let me go."

"What? What! Are you crazy?" His eyes widened as he threw up his arms.

"Let me go out there. I will distract it and you two can get off this island."

"I'm not going to leave you," he hissed a whisper.

"Please. My family died fighting that thing, I should be with them. I'm going to die anyways," her eyes brimmed with tears as she watched the ground. Her face was filled with sorrow. She had suffered so much when she lost her family.

Hiccup clutched her tighter. "I can't let you do that."

"You have no choice." She sent him a smile, and leaned her back against him. She kissed his cheek gently and blinked back several tears.

Hiccup could only look back with dread.

Quick as a flash she leapt off of Toothless, and pet his head. He leaned up into her and she smiled. "Annask sik."

He watched in horror as she raced out from the cover of the trees and into the exposed area. His inner soul wanted to cry out for her, to come back and stay safe. His stunned figure sat motionless as he could only watch. She began shouting in her native tongue and flapped



her arms wildly, with a blade clutched tightly in her hands. Hiccup watched for a moment, then turned Toothless around. His heart pounded louder as a fierce roar from the massive dragon erupted through the trees. Tears began to rush down his cheeks. Never had he seen such an act of bravery, other than maybe himself.

He began to run through the trees. The dark forest suddenly seemed much quieter. The silence felt sickening.

Toothless ran swiftly along the already beaten path. The only sound was of him bustling through the grass.

The light ahead grew brighter, and the heat radiated from the ground. The forest around the camp was in smoke, but didn't seem to be spreading. Hiccup coughed violently as they pushed their way into the clearing. The dry grass below was burnt black, and ashes swirled behind each of Toothless' footsteps. Hiccup crouched low as the remaining smoke seemed to cling to his tear stained cheeks. The burning embers around them drifted into the sky.

Toothless let out a grunt and pawed the black ground.

Hiccup slid off of his back and landed on the crunching grass. The smoke slowly dissipated and the stars could be made out above the treetops again. He walked towards where the shelter had been; each footstep felt like an eternity of guilt. How could he have just let her go? He wiped his face across his sleeve. The broken and charred structure stood in front of him. Only a few blackened sticks remained upright. There was nothing left of it. He wandered through the decimated doorway and stood where he did before, when Meyla had woken. He remembered how happy he had been, and how he had thought that for maybe a moment she would be okay.

Toothless muscled around the ashes and peered in. He nuzzled carefully in the ashes and pulled out one of their sacks. Toothless had been carrying some of their rations and supplies already, but this one was Hiccup's bag with the Berk crest on it. Hiccup picked it up tentatively, unsure why he would have left it behind in the first place.

He opened up the charred bag that had miraculously survived the flames. Meyla must have known. She must have protected it somehow.

He raised his head to the sky briefly and whispered, "Akka Meyla."

He pulled out a few fruits, glad that there was enough to last him the journey home. At the bottom he could make out the blue fabric of his plush dragon. He pulled it out and gazed at its rough black eyes. More tears escaped him and he hugged the small toy tight against him. It reminded him of everything he had left behind- of home. Sobs began wracking his chest as he fell to his knees. Toothless sat close by, watching Hiccup with sad eyes.

"I guess we should go bud. That's what she would have wanted," he sniffed. He put everything back into his bag and slung it over his shoulder.

"Dad's going to love hearing about this place," he tried to smile.

"And- and Fishlegs will want to know about the dragons," his voice faltered. "And Astridâ€¦" more sobs escaped. He had left them all behind when he came here- he had left Astrid. She had barely crossed his mind the last days that he spent with Meyla. He missed her, but could not even consider what would happen if he went back now. "I can't just leave her here. Even ifâ€¦" He looked up to meet his dragon's gaze.

Toothless perked his head and looked around. He left the blackened shelter and sauntered away into the forest. Hiccup watched confused as the dragon came back and set a large, slobbery rock in front of him.

Hiccup stared blankly at it for a moment before an idea struck him. "Thanks bud." He looked around for a blackened splint. The charred point would do nicely for writing. He leaned over the rock and began to write on it. The careful lettering was scrawled in neat lines. "It'll be her memorial," he tried to put on a smile.

He sat back on his feet and read it.

\_ ForlÇ«g, Ã¼Ã° eiga vÃ¼ngr. Nakkvarr drengur okvinr.  
Meyla.\_

Destiny, thou have wings. A warrior and friend. Meyla.

### 13. 13- How to lose your Wing

Hiccup blinked awake to the dim sunlight beaming on his ash-marked face. He sat up and Toothless quickly perked up next to him. He looked around wearily since he had barely slept. The jungle sounded so peaceful. Birds quietly flitted and chirped, streaks of early-morning sunlight shone through the trees, and the sound of a dripping waterfall invaded his senses. He breathed in the moment of tranquility before he remembered. His heart thudded in his chest at the memory.

The fire.

The dragon.

Meyla.

He hadn't the heart to leave the island yet, so Toothless and him had slept next to the pool of water that they had splashed around in a few days earlier.

So much had happened in such a short time.

He rubbed his face, wishing that all of it was untrue and he was just waking up in Berk. His dad would be there, prodding him up to go upkeep the dragon arena. Astrid would give him a good morning kiss and then threaten the other riders that she was still tough. The twins would make jokes about the time Bucket got hit in the head by a falling sheep. Snotlout would be trying to hit on Astrid. Fishlegs would run up excitedly and announce a new discovery he had made about a dragon.

When he pulled his hands away from his eyes, the green woods still

stretched before him. The ironic beauty of it made him angry because all he could feel was that this place was cursed. Death seemed to linger in the air and the quiet breeze was unsettling. The entire island was a wreck. The only aspect that suited Hiccup's mood was the stilling smell of smoke behind the trees.

Toothless groaned and stood up. The groggy dragon sauntered down the bank and lapped slowly at the pool's edge.

Hiccup picked up his hands and looked at them. Ash imbedded the creases and buried itself under his fingernails. He clenched his fist angrily. All he saw was guilt. He should have done something more, something to stop it all. As much as he presently hated this place, he couldn't bring himself to leave. He knelt over the water's edge and looked at his own reflection- something he had not seen in a long time.

His longer hair swept just above his eyebrows. The braid behind his right ear had unravelled, leaving a wavy mess of locks. Ash streaks lined his cheeks and chin. He looked almost the same as he did when he left Berk, just dirtier; but he didn't feel like the same person anymore.

He cupped the crystal water in his hands, the only seemingly perfect thing left on this landmass, and splashed his face, trying to scrub away the dark marks. The water swirled black below his fingers from the dust, and the water dripped from his chin, carrying most of the ash with it.

Hiccup sat back on the bank as Toothless pawed the surface with curiosity. "Looks like we've got a journey ahead of us."

The dragon eyed him, not looking forward to another long flight. Toothless turned his attention to the forest with his ears perked. His head raised and stared straight at the surrounding forest.

"What is it bud?"

Toothless didn't even take a second glance at him before diving back along the bank and disappeared into the brush.

"Toothless!" He was too late, the dragon had gone. "Useless dragon. Probably heard another squirrel." He picked up a stick and poked around the dirt, unable to think of something better to do until his dragon got back. He subconsciously practiced the language of the Dragon Wing's, scrawling their unique lettering into the sand. All of it intrigued him, but it's only source of knowledge in the entire world was gone.

He shoved off his boot and stuck his foot in the water, feeling the cool liquid run over his skin. He reached for the other leg, only to be reminded that he didn't have another boot. The wooden leg stood in it's place.

He trailed his fingers down the wooden engravings. She was talented in carving, that's for sure.

He couldn't help but smile and tears threatened to spill out. She was a wonderful person, and though her loss was greatly saddening- she had made his life better for the short time that he had known

her.

The thought of home washed over him again. His heart leapt at the thought of seeing the arena again and the familiar faces that he had come to know as his family.

His head whipped around at the sound of crunching sticks in the distance. He prayed it was Toothless as he stood up carefully.

Through the trees he could make out the black scales and familiar eyes of his friend.

"Toothless! Don't go running off on me bud! We need to get a move on."

The dragon walked with caution towards him, and his senses heightened. "Toothless?"

He stepped out into the clearing and Hiccup had to keep himself from falling to his knees. He rushed over to his dragon and then moved to his side. He looked at her.

Her face was bloodied and blackened, her clothes burnt and torn.

More tears that he had tried to keep hidden poured out. "Meyla!"

He held her face briefly in his palms before lifting her carefully off of Toothless' back.

"You brought her back, butâ€¦ she's-" He carried her to the water's edge, "gone."

Her brown hair hung in strings behind her and clumped around her face from sweat. He held her in his lap. He carefully lifted up water and washed her face. The red and black dripped down her cheek and onto the dirt.

Hiccup held back more tears as her beautiful face became a flesh colour.

Toothless hovered over his shoulder, watching intently.

"I guess we should bury her properly, hm?" He reached farther up her back to lift her upright but his hand quickly pooled in sticky blood. He lay her gently on her front, with her face to the side. One side of her back was so deeply marred that it was unrecognizable.

Her wing was completely gone.

The brownish ooze ran out of the wound. More sorrowful thoughts crowded him.

"What did you doâ€¦?" He pulled more water up onto her back and tried washing it. "What happened to you?" He asked in a whisper.

Toothless leaned down and sniffed the nub.

Hiccup fetched one of his supply packs and rummaged through it. He

had no idea why he was fixing her up; he just felt it was the right thing to do. He wrapped the white bandage around the remaining extrusion on her back.

"She must have endured so much pain! she lost a wing Toothless! I know you lost a tail fin! but a wing would hurt so much more." He couldn't bare to think of how much anguish she must have gone through. "How did you find her bud?" Hiccup shook his head and continued dressing the wound, not really expecting an answer.

"I called him."

Hiccup spun back to the voice- croaky but familiar.

"M-Meyla?"

The still face on the ground slowly etched into a pained smile. "Thought you!" she gasped, "could get rid of me so easily?"

He sat in shock for a moment, before pulling her quickly up and wrapping her in his embrace. "I thought you!" Hiccup stared into her eyes, cloudy with tears.

"I'm a Dragon Wing. Of course I-" she was cut off as he pulled her face to his and kissed her. The obvious love erupted between them and sparked around the air as they meshed. He still held her around the waist and she tentatively brought a hand up to cup his cheek. He finally pulled away, only to see her smiling face once again.

#### 14. 14- How to abandon an Island

Toothless let out a mighty roar as he climbed higher into the sky. He hadn't been able to stretch his wings in a while, and was finally glad to be heading home. His wing tips stirred the treetops as he beat down on the air.

Hiccup clutched his saddle as they soared over the trees. His eyes adjusted to the great blue expanse in the distance over the edge of the island, and the breezes made him feel like he was already back in Berk. The tall trees reached up around the mountain to his left, and as they flew over the small beach he felt relief wash over him. They were finally safe.

Meyla had her arms wrapped around his waist in order to keep from falling off into the ocean as they passed over the water. Her energy level was still drained, and Hiccup didn't expect her to wake up until they got back.

He heard her groan as her head was pressed to his back, protected from the wing, and attempting to sleep. He was amazed she could even remotely sleep while on a dragon.

The morning was still new, almost midday it looked like. They'd be back after dark- not too strenuous since it would be a quicker journey than before.

As soon as Toothless had brought Meyla back, and Hiccup had found out that she was still alive, he ensured that her wing was bandaged properly and that she got a drink before he set her on the saddle and

left the island. He could only focus on keeping her safe and had to get out of there as soon as possible. He had secured Toothless' packs right away and then set off.

He turned his head to see the volcanic tip disappearing over the horizon. The green expanse vanished. Who knew such a beautiful place could be so full of danger? Fishlegs would be so pleased to hear of the dragons- even if they had all become deadly. Meyla had told him that when her people flourished on the island, the dragons were their friends, and often kept as pets. The Dragon Wing's could actually talk to the dragons after all. After hearing about the island's downfall, it was hard to imagine what life must have been like beforehand.

Toothless made a grunt, clearly happy to stretch his wings. His noise made Meyla lift her head. She looked around confused.

"Hiccup?"

"Oh! You're awake, I thought you would sleep till we got back," he chuckled.

"Where are we?"

"We're in the middle of the ocean, do you need something?" He tried to spin his head around and see her.

"N-no! I'm fine!" her head snapped up and she groaned, "other than my wing," she yawned. "It still hurts. I was just confused. I dreamt that you found me- I mean, that part must be true- but I dreamt that!"

"What?" Hiccup raised an eyebrow.

"Nothing."

"Oh come on. We've got a long journey- you might as well tell me what you dreamt about."

"Well, I dreamt that when I first woke up you kissed me."

Hiccup froze, his cheeks feeling hotter, and he sucked in a breath. "That, uh..." wasn't a dream."

"Oh." She didn't sound very surprised. "But why?"

"Why what?" He tried to avoid the question.

"Why did you do that?"

"I- I thought you were dead. I don't even know what happened to you. You looked so hurt and..." He just stopped talking, his voice getting more awkward with every word.

She laughed. "Well for whatever it means... thank you."

Hiccup smiled, though she couldn't see it from behind him. The flight grew quiet again as the warm sun beat down on them from above. He could feel Meyla yawning against him. "Can I ask you something?"

She pressed her forehead tiredly to his back. "Yeah."

"You don't have to tell me about it- I get it, but... what happened to you?" He looked ahead for a moment waiting for a reply.

"I regained my honour, but lost my freedom," she replied simply.

"Exactly how did you do that?"

"I avenged the death of my family."

"You killed the Sun Swallower?" He almost yelled.

"Yeahâ€|" she said while sighing as if it was nothing. "I faced it. It was just visible against the mountain. It lunged and I stabbed it in the leg, but it bit my wing."

"It must have taken the poison with it!"

She nodded, "and since it was my poisoned wingâ€| it stopped from spreading I guess- I'm still here now."

"Wowâ€|" He beamed, "so how'd you defeat it?"

"It ate my wing, the disgusting beastâ€| so I slashed it along the chest. It flew off, but the amount of poison it ate won't make it last very long."

"You," he said over his shoulder, "are the bravest person I've ever met."

She didn't say another word, but he could tell she was smiling as her cheek pressed to him again.

The clouds above slowly travelled behind and the air grew cooler with every hour as they travelled farther north.

Hiccup pulled out a crumpled map from one of Toothless' packs and tried to hold it steady in the wind in front of him. He fixed his dragon's course and patted his neck.

"Don't worry bud, this journey will be quicker than the last." He felt Meyla shuffle behind him and shudder. He pulled a blanket out and held it behind his back for her. "Here, just be careful of the bandaging."

She took it from his hand and wrapped herself in it with one arm, never releasing her grip from his waist with the other. "How much longer?"

"Several more hours I'm afraid- we're almost home."

"Will they like me?"

"Who? My family?"

"Yeah..." her voice sounded tired.

"I'm sure they'll love you."

"You're dad?"

"Yeah, he's in charge- he'll be accommodating though. And everyone else will love to meet you tomorrow when you're all rested up."

"They sound great," her voice travelled off. She grew quiet and he assumed she had fallen asleep.

The wind buffeted the trio as the sunny skies stretched in all directions.

"Hiccup?" Meyla's voice suddenly sounded behind him, "do you think I'll ever be able to fly again?"

Hiccup froze and thought about the question for a moment. He perked up, "hey, look what I did for Toothless. I'm sure I can figure something out. Or I won't die until I do."

#### 15. 15- How to greet a Viking

The odd flame of a torch outlined the houses on Berk as Toothless finally landed tiredly near the Haddock house. The town was silent since everyone was sleeping. Only the sound of the whistling breeze through the town could be heard, and the cold breeze made him shudder.

Hiccup hopped off the exhausted dragon and picked up Meyla, carefully carrying her towards his house. The door swung open easily and the quiet creaking of the floorboards felt wonderfully familiar to him.

Toothless followed him up the stairs and quickly hunkered down on his own bed.

Hiccup set her down on the bed, watching that her missing wing was not agitated. He pulled the blanket up over her shoulders. She sighed in her sleep, and cuddled the blanket closer. She looked so peaceful when she slept.

He walked back downstairs and flopped down on one of his chairs and closed his eyes. The thought of the upcoming day and what it would bring kept him awake, until his own fatigue caught up with him.

\* \* \*

><p>Banging and yelling outside awoke Hiccup from his slumber. It had been ages since he had gotten a decent sleep; but with monstrous dragons and sick friends to take care of, what could he do?<p>

He groaned and stretched, mussing his hair. "I probably look like an outcast," he sighed.

Footsteps sounded from upstairs and Toothless quickly poked his head out from the stairway.

"Good morning bud! Ready to go see everyone again?"



The dragon clambered down the stairs and licked his face excitedly.

"I'll take that as a yes." He glanced down to check the rest of his appearance, knowing that his face already looked more rugged. His green shirt was stained and dirty. "Be right back." He ran up the stairs and rummaged through a chest near the side of the room. He pulled out a new green tunic and swapped shirts. He looked over to where Meyla slept soundly under the furs in his bed. He smiled, glad that she was okay. He didn't know what he would have done if he had come home without her.

Outside, the sun shone around the house as he blinked in the sunlight. Vikings rambled through the town, tugging barrels and livestock along with them.

Toothless scuttled out eagerly behind him. "Good to get a nights sleep; hm Toothless?"

The dragon nudged him forward. He walked down the hill where a few Vikings waved ecstatically towards them and would turn around and whisper to each other.

'Hiccup's back!'

'Where's Stoick?'

'Great! We could use him back in the smithy's.'

Hiccup looked around- where was his dad? He walked back up to the great hall, where he was sure the chief was 'working'.

The great door swung open with a massive creaking noise. The dim lighting inside made it hard to make out any details before his eyes adjusted. Toothless slunk in behind him, staring into the dark. He heard a few voices back by one of the central fire pits.

"Hello?" He called out, hoping they'd greet him.

Two burly figures stepped out towards him.

"Son? Is that you?"

"Dad!" Hiccup lunged forward and hugged his dad.

"Hiccup! It's so great to see you! We were getting to grow worried. So what did you find? What happened?"

Hiccup rubbed the back of his head, "it's a bit of a long storyâ€¦ I'll show you later."

"Show me?"

"Yeah." Hiccup turned to the other viking. "Gobber! Nice to see you haven't lost another hand while I was gone."

"Ah, only a finger. Looks like you had quite an adventure."

"How could you tell?"

"You look like a regular viking! Facial hair and all!"

"Eh heh, I should get rid of that soon," he watched ground embarrassed. His dad clapped a hand on his shoulder.

"Let's go greet the others- I'm sure they'll be thrilled to see you."

"Actually dad, I need to, uhâ€¦ show you what I found."

"Well, let's go then!"

Hiccup led the way outside and back down the hill to their home. Gobber said his pardons and staggered off to the smithy's where Vikings were lined up to get their axes sharpened. Hiccup turned around and faced his dad when they reached the front of the house. Toothless perked up behind Stoick and watched curiously. "So, I feel I should warn you before we actually go and-" the sound of stomping inside made Hiccup freeze.

"What was that?"

"That would be Meyla."

"A new dragon?" His father's eyebrows raised, interested.

"Not exactlyâ€¦" He stepped inside to see Meyla standing in the main room. She was wearing one of Hiccup's tunics, which was greatly oversized for her figure. She was dancing around delightedly with a book. Her hair was messy, but in a way that made her look like she belonged there. He had to stop himself from staring when she finally noticed that he was standing there.

"Hiccup!" She smiled brightly. "Look!" She shoved the book in his face.

"Heh, it's a book."

Her smile widened. "About dragons!"

"We have a lot of those."

Stoick stepped through the door and froze. He didn't speak.

Meyla looked up at him, frightened at first, but a reassuring look from Hiccup gave her courage. She approached him timidly. "I'm Meyla."

He watched her, unsure, with his eyes continually flicking to the wing behind her. "Hiccup talked about you. It is nice to meet you," she gave him a shy smile.

"Dad. She's a Dragon Wing. We met on an island; I helped her. I-"

"No, I rescued you." She crossed her arms and gave him a sarcastic look.

Hiccup chuckled, "wellâ€¦ we saved each other. Anyways, her home is

kind of being overtaken by deadly dragons, and her family is gone so weâ€¦ dad?"

Stoick dared not move.

Meyla glanced from Hiccup to his father and back again, confused.

"She has wings?" He finally said, still wrapping his head around the idea.

"One now," she spun around and showed him the missing wing.

"Well, any friend of Hiccup's is welcome here. It's nice to meet you. Son," he turned to him, "just try to keep her introduction to the rest very limited, we don't want them going berserk."

"Alright dad."

Stoick clapped his hands, "I think this deserves a party! I will go and spread the word." he turned around and wiggled through the doorway. He spun around, "Oh, and Meyla?"

She blinked at him, still clutching the book to her torso.

"Welcome to Berk."

## 16. 16- How to cope with Guilt

The town was buzzing with the news of Hiccup's return. He had barely taken one step out the door before he was swarmed with crunching hugs and loud greetings. In a way, he had missed the bustling activity constantly going on in Berk. The island had been so isolated, but that was why he went there in the first place.

He had told Meyla to make herself comfortable inside, and not to come out just yet. She didn't argue. He guessed that she was very timid around these new, threatening-looking humans. He would have been scared if it was him. He had shown her a chest of dresses that his father had kept from when his mother was around.

"Hopefully they'll fit, try them on if you like."

She was of course ecstatic to see the intricate fabrics and designs. Her eyes lit up at the thought. He had left her alone with his stacks of books- she would never get bored.

Now he was marching towards the arena, still getting used to the feeling of his new wooden prosthetic. The air seemed to smell of fresh, crisp mountains, and the slight tinge of coking food back at the hall.

He heard the familiar voices of his friends shouting in the arena.

"Hookfang! You're supposed to lift me up, not carry me!"

Hiccup walked down the tunnel to stand before the scene unravelling in front of him. They froze when they saw him. Tuffnut was hanging

from Belch's neck, and Ruffnut was holding a shield above his head, ready to strike. Snotlout was dangling from Hookfang's mouth by a leg. Fishlegs was pushing a barrel of fish out of the way as Stormfly ran behind him to catch him and eat it all.

"Hiccup?" Ruffnut was the first to speak.

The group all quickly arranged themselves and scuttled over. Fishlegs swept him into a viking-sized hug. "We missed you! These," he pointed to the others, "hooligans have been driving me insane!"

"Glad to see I'm needed."

"Woah what happened to your face?" Tuffnut cocked a head and looked at him like he was a stranger.

"Is that a scar?"

"I think it is."

"How'd you get it?"

"I don't actually know where I got that one," he felt the healing wound on the right side of his chin. "But, I have an amazing story to tell you guys." He smiled brightly as they all looked at him anticipating the tale. "Oh Fishlegs- the dragons!" he made exaggerated arm movements, "you wouldn't believe what they were capable of! And, and the island I was on- hot, all the time!" They beamed. "Iâ€ wait," he looked around, "where's Astrid?"

Tuffnut snorted, "she's been disappearing every day since you left. Ruffnut thinks that she either found someone else or she misses youâ€ a lot." That earned him a punch on the shoulder from his twin, he grunted, "girls."

As if by queue, stomps were heard reverberating through the tunnel behind them. Hiccup spun around to see the familiar figure of Astrid striding out of the shadow. He looked at her, still the same. Then again, he had only been gone a week or two. She froze as soon as her eyes landed on him.

"Hiccup?"

He wanted to run. He wanted to swoop her up in his arms and kiss her. He so desperately wanted to feel her hold his hand. But he couldn't move. He felt like a massive weight hung on his heart.

Instead, she took his stunned silence as a shock to see her, and an invitation to run up herself. She wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly.

Hiccup instinctively folded his arms around her in return, but his eyes stared straight ahead, unsure of every action he made. He breathed in her familiar scent; he really had missed her.

The rest of his friends looked away awkwardly.

He was suddenly faced with reality. He had left all of them behind when he went on his journey, and the confused emotions that he also left behind were finally being stirred up.

Astrid finally pulled away, her arms still on his shoulders as she smiled into his gaze, tears seemed to brim from happiness. "I was so worriedâ€¦"

"It's okay, I'm fine."

She stared at him for a minute, either out of curiosity or confusion. "So," she clapped her hands, "what did you find out there?" her eyes grew wide with intrigue.

Hiccup sucked in a breath. He knew he had to at least warn them about Meyla. He would hate to leave them hanging and then freak out later when they did finally see her. The others turned back to him with curiosity.

"Well, the island Toothless and I found was inhabited by a few species of dragons unlike any ones that reside here. I met a another dragon-

"Met one? Did you bond with it?" Fishlegs anticipated.

"I guess so. She's very nice."

"Wait a minuteâ€¦ she?" Snotlout crossed his arms.

"Very nice?" Astrid added.

"She can speak."

Their eyes widened. "How is that possible?" Fishlegs pondered off to the side.

"She, umâ€¦ has vocal chords? I don't know what kind of answer you're exactly expecting-

"Wait, she's here?" Ruffnut almost yelled.

"Um, did I say that?" He looked away nervously.

"What colour are her scales?"

"Does she look like a Monstrous Nightmare?"

"When can we see her?"

Hiccup backed away. "Guys. Guys! I'll bring her along tonight okay. My dad saw her already, but we have to make sure the town goes easy on her. Can you make sure nothing bad happens?"

"As long as she promises not to burn down the town, we'll make it peaceful." Astrid had her arms crossed as she kicked the ground lightly with her boot.

"Thanks," he nodded to them. "I have to go get ready, it's only in a few hours." He backed away and spun to leave through the tunnel.

"Don't forget your dragon book- I want to see the new ones," Fishlegs said as he was turning to leave the arena.

"I won't!" He called behind him as he meandered back to the town. Only after he was out of eyesight had he realized his massive mistake. He had completely blown off Astrid. She must have been worrying the whole time he was gone, and he barely greeted her. He mentally slapped himself at his stupid actions. He should have kissed her! Or told her he had missed her!

But had he missed her? He guessed he had, he had thought about her once in a while. The guilt welled up in his throat as he approached his house. He raised a hand to knock before a booming voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Hiccup!" Stoick stormed over to him.

"Oh, hey dad! I was just-"

"Come on, I need your help up in the great hall."

Hiccup sighed and followed, happy for the welcome distraction.

## 17. 17- How to battle the Heart

**\*\*Author's Note:\*\***

**\*\*Thank you to all who voted! I'm leaving the poll open, because this is not the last chapter! Please VOTE on who Hiccup should choose! (Poll is on my profile).\*\***

**\*\*Thank you!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"No! The barrels have to go over by the! oh for the love of-"<p>

"Dad, I can only move these things so fast."

Stoick ran a hand over his face exaggeratedly.

"I know, but the others are already arriving," he gestured to the front of the hall.

Hiccup turned around. He was right; Vikings were already mingling and flooding towards him. The sudden bombardment of chatter was unsettling.

"How was your trip lad?"

"Betcha had quite an adventure there!"

"Can't wait to hear all about it."

Hiccup smiled, "well thank you all; and I will later. Right now I have to move these barrels out of the way."

They all laughed, the way burly Vikings do, with deep chuckles and the occasional snort. The door was propped open, and he could make out the familiar group of his friends entering. He set down the last

barrel and made his way through the growing party to them, glad of the excuse to leave. "There you are!" He almost fell out of the crowd in front of them, but caught his balance.

"Looks like we haven't missed much," Snotlout jeered.

"That's why we're hear 'Snothead', to get this thing started," Ruffnut explained.

"Heh, Snothead," Tuffnut snickered.

"Shut up!" Snotlout yelled in his face.

"Guys! Don't you remember what Hiccup said to do?" Astrid's voice spoke sternly from the edge of the group.

Hiccup's eyes adjusted to the light pouring in from the doorway. "See, there's our common sense," he smiled at her in thanks.

The other's groaned and meandered off to get some sustenance. Hiccup and Astrid walked just outside the door into the waning sunlight for some more privacy.

"There's my favorite Viking. You know, I barely got to say hello before you ran off," she said walking up and standing extremely close to him. She was wearing a red wrap-like top with her fur hood and her familiar braid. She looked just as beautiful as ever.

Hiccup gulped nervously. "I knew that I wouldn't be able to say a full 'hello' when those knuckle-brains were around," he said casually while slipping his hands around her waist.

Astrid traced her hands along his hairline. Her blue eyes still caught his attention, and her face was so beautiful when her bangs weren't covering half of it. "You've changed." She said it in almost a whisper.

"Changed?"

Her eyes widened, "oh, not in a bad way! I mean, you have more scars and you look likeâ€|"

"A Viking?"

Astrid laughed. "Hey, you said it. Butâ€|" she leaned up close, "I like it."

Hiccup smirked down at her as her arms clung around his neck. He leaned down carefully and kissed her. He had missed the comfortable feeling of her lips. Her hands grasped the back of his hair as she kissed him back.

They were interrupted by a cough in the entrance. The pair turned to see Fishlegs poking his head outside and looking at them.

Hiccup looked at the ground and felt his cheeks grow hot. Astrid looked at Fishlegs while hiding how embarrassed she was.

"I, um, hate to interrupt butâ€| where's your dragon friend?"

Hiccup's eyes widened. "I'll go get her. Be right back, don't have too much fun without me!" He staggered down the stairs briskly, leaving the two at the top. His new leg allowed him to move quite easily; he was impressed with Meyla's workmanship.

His house was just at the bottom of the hill, close to the hall, and he reached it in a short amount of time. He knocked on the door, and opened it a crack.

"Meyla? You in here?" He opened it fully; it was his own house after all.

Meyla called from upstairs: "Hiccup? Come up!"

He sighed, but walked up anyways. "You know, everyone's waiting for us. We're going to be-." He stood on the second floor. Clothes and books were strewn everywhere, but that's not what froze him in his tracks.

Meyla stood in front of his bed, smiling like she had just seen her first sunset.

Hiccup looked at her in shock. Her hair was in a beautiful braid off of one shoulder and was nowhere near as ragged as it had been before. Her dress, one of his mother's, was a pale blue, with white underlay. It didn't have a very deep neckline on the front, but had spectacular detail, complete with a sash. The sleeves were thin to her wrists.

She spun around a few times, so the dress would flare out. The back of the dress was exponentially lower, which was perfect for her wings- probably why she chose it.

She grew quiet as her smile faltered, wondering why he wasn't speaking. "You okay?" She walked over, with a worried expression.

"I, um- yeah. You -just- wow," he ran a hand through his hair subconsciously.

"It is the same colour as my scales," she tried pulling her wing around her body to show him.

"You look beautiful."

Her eyes flashed to him, initially confused, but a blush quickly spread across her face and she looked down. "So- am I going to meet your friends?"

Hiccup snapped out of his trance and coughed, "right." He led the way down the stairs and back outside. She followed him quietly. He could tell she was nervous by her silence, but just as equally excited. "Don't worry too much. It's just that no one here has seen anybody like you before."

"They are scared of me?"

"Probably the opposite. They'll be shocked, but in a good way."



"Guess that's better," she held her hands together and walked up the long stairs next to him. Her straightened posture and ladylike behaviour made him feel rather uncomfortable.

"What are you doing?"

She stopped walking and looked up to meet his eyes confused.

"You're not being yourself."

"I thought this was how I was supposed to act."

"Not prim and proper," he sighed, "trust me, we're Vikings, we won't care so much."

She nodded and unclasped her hands.

He looked at the ground nervously, "I need to tell you something."

She turned to him.

"Look Meyla— there are going to be a lot of new people to meet in there. Some of them are my friends, and—" he sucked in a breath for courage, "well, I told you I have a girlfriend."

"Your mate?"

"No," he sighed, "well— actually I guess in your standards, yes. I'm with her. I mean, it's not that I don't like you, but I feel that it shouldn't be in a romantic way, if you know what I mean?"

Meyla blinked and looked away, "I understand."

He wasn't entirely sure if she did, but he knew that she at least knew what he was talking about. He was about to keep walking, when she lightly grabbed his arm, stopping him. She didn't move her gaze from the ground.

"Then— why did you say what you did on the island?"

"I said a lot of things, remind me."

Meyla's deep blue gaze finally locked onto his. "When I was sick. You said 'Ek Æst Æ<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>Æ°'."

Hiccup froze. "I—I— you heard that?" He looked away.

"It means 'I love you'."

He didn't respond again, for the guilt in his gut had risen to his throat and he tried hard to swallow it down. Finally he spoke, but his voice was barely a whisper. "I know what it means."

"Hey," she pressed a palm to his cheek, "it's okay. We— are friends. I love you as a friend," she stated it like a fact, but Hiccup thought the last part was just her trying to convince herself.

"Agreed," he let out a relieved sigh. He was afraid to meet her gaze, but when he looked up she was staring at the great hall, with what he thought were tears brimming in her eyes.

"Are you okay to go in?"

Meyla nodded slowly and walked up the last few stairs. She smeared her eyes with her sleeve.

Hiccup's guilt held like a ball of led in his gut. He finally stepped up to the door and sucked in a deep breath. "Here we go."

At the last second, Meyla grabbed his hand and held on.

The door swung wide to reveal them standing silhouetted in the last light of the day. The crowd turned in interest, but as soon as they got a good look at the figure next to him, the entire room went silent.

Meyla stepped inside next to him, looking around profoundly.

Hiccup could tell her eyes were widened a bit more and her breathing pace had increased.

Stoick pushed to the front of the room. "There you are! We were beginning to get worried." He wrapped a muscular arm around his son's shoulders and then nodded to Meyla.

She nodded back respectfully.

"Everyone," Stoick clapped his hands together, "this is Meyla."

## 18. 18- How to underestimate the Brave

The silence of the crowd was soon broken by murmurs, and followed by regular chatter. Hiccup was glad; they seemed to be taking it well. A few Vikings walked over curiously and were spinning Meyla around like she was a trophy to be observed. Hiccup glared at them, but she didn't seem to feel too uncomfortable. They seemed happy to meet her, a human, with wings! He looked around as she began to chat with a few of them. He noticed Astrid leaning against a wooden pillar across the room with the others around her.

He reached into the circle surrounding Meyla and dragged her out, "sorry guys we're on a schedule." Hiccup led her through the crowd, which earned more wary and curious glances from the other Vikings.

"We're in a hurry?" Meyla pushed up next to him.

Hiccup had his brows furrowed, set on a mission. He knew Astrid had seen him enter with Meyla. He knew that she had seen him and Meyla holding hands. He knew what Astrid must be assuming, so he needed to straighten things out.

Fishlegs was the first to rush over when they approached. He quickly circled her and gasped. "Wow! I'm Fishlegs. It is truly an honor to meet you," the sheer excitement glistening in his eyes.

Meyla blushed slightly at the sudden attention. She looked at Hiccup for approval and he gestured for her to go and socialize. She smiled and let Fishlegs half-drag her over to the others.

Hiccup followed close behind, and when the others finally saw her, their eyes grew wide. Astrid avoided all of their gazes and instead stared off into the shadows.

"She has wings, what's with that?" Tuffnut held out his hands in confusion.

"So are you, like, a dragon or a human?" Ruffnut stuck her face in Meyla's.

"Both?" She said rather quietly.

"That is so awesome!" Ruff yelled and fist pumped the air. "You can hang with us."

Snotlout budged in-between the twins and took Meyla's hand, kissing the back of it. "Anytime you need anything- don't be afraid to ask," he wiggled his eyebrows at her.

Meyla held her face back, unsure about what was happening.

Fishlegs butted in and pushed Snotlout away. "She, I'm sure, is capable without your help."

Snotlout let out a gruff snort and turned away.

Hiccup couldn't help but smile. "So, Meyla. These are my friends." He gestured to each of them and introduced their names. Meyla smiled politely at each of them.

"Nice to meet you. Hiccup has told me so much about all of you!"

"What's it like on the island?" Fishlegs asked excitedly.

Hiccup took the question as an opportunity to dart out of the group while Meyla kept them entertained with her stories. He slunk up beside the pillar where Astrid leaned with her arms crossed. She didn't seem very sociable at the moment, but who else could fix that than her own boyfriend? He slipped up next to her, leaning against the same pillar. He searched for the right words before breaking the awkward silence.

"I'd like you to meet her you know."

"I can hear her from here," she stated matter-of-factly.

"Yes, but you should meet her."

Astrid didn't answer. Hiccup realized that she must have assumed the worst.

"She's not my girlfriend Astrid. She's my friend; she saved my life. I know what you must be thinking. But she is not used to a Viking village! She's pretty scared, and I'm the only one she knew. You have

to be reasonable about this," he pleaded.

Astrid whipped around and stuck her face centimeters from his. Her eyes were a raging blue fire. "Reasonable? You want me to be reasonable? You left me here on this god-forsaken island while you go prancing off to some tropical paradise with exotic dragons and beautiful women, and you expect me to be reasonable?" Her voice was raised, but not enough to draw attention.

Hiccup held his hands up in case she tried anything. "I know, I know it looks bad. But we agreed that I'd do this; go off and explore. I had no idea what I'd come across, and Meyla just happened to be one of those discoveries, okay?"

Her nostrils flared in anger. "Why didn't you tell me she was mostly human then when you got back?"

Hiccup looked at the ground, knowing he really didn't have a good answer. He just hadn't wanted them to freak out or crowd Meyla.

Without another word Astrid spun on her heel and stormed through the crowd, leaving the great hall behind her.

Hiccup pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed. He shouldn't have yelled at her like that.

His friends all chattered excitably a short distance away, but a hand slipped over his shoulder and he instantly felt comforted.

"Everything okay?"

"No."

"Maybe?" she glanced at the front door and back, "maybe I go talk to her." It was as if she knew exactly what was going on.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow at her in surprise. "You?" He looked up to meet her sweet gaze. "You want to talk to her?" Her eyes looked worrisome, and he knew she truly did care about his troubles.

Meyla nodded at him and took her hand off his shoulder.

Hiccup sighed. "She's being unreasonable, I wouldn't even try right now."

Meyla blinked at him. "I'm a Dragon Wing. You underestimate me."

Hiccup turned away, amused by her persistence. He really did underestimate Meyla sometimes, but he couldn't just let her gallop off to confront his raging girlfriend. He looked back to her, ready to tell her that she shouldn't talk to Astrid, but Meyla was gone. He looked around frantically, but there was no sign of her. He stood up taller and could just make out her figure exiting through the large doors. He groaned. "Great. Just great. This will go perfectly- Meyla will end up on the end of Astrid's axe."

"I think you should think better of Astrid. She's not a killer,"

Fishlegs pointed out as he walked over with the others quickly following.

"Yeah, well, I'm just worried, for both their sakes. Both can be ruthless if needed."

"Then it'll make an awesome battle!" Tuffnut cheered.

Hiccup raised an un-amused eyebrow at him.

"You know, I think Meyla is a lot like us. Her temperament is similar- but I mean, you're the only one who's seen her probably more wild," Fishlegs stated. "I think she can handle herself."

"I guess so," he looked over at the door, wondering what the two girls could possibly have to talk about.

## 19. 19- How to side with a Half-Dragon

It was late into the night by the time Fishlegs had convinced Hiccup to go get some sleep. The party had quieted and he sauntered back to his home down the large flight of stairs. The silent, cold air made him cringe. As far as he knew, the girls were out there somewhere, but he had no intention of interrupting them if they had both made it through a conversation this long. His home looked extremely inviting as he stumbled up to the door. The warmth inside the house made him relax. He threw his shirt over his head and collapsed onto the chair. He ensured that Meyla still had priority of the bed. It wasn't long before he fell asleep, and completely flopped over the chair.

\* \* \*

><p>The morning light seeped through the cracks in the wall around the door and finally woke him, after much protest. He groaned and stretched, suddenly remembering that he hadn't heard Meyla come back last night. He hoped she was still sleeping since she must have been tired after such a long and exciting day.<p>

He looked around his messy home, covered in scattered papers and clothes. He pushed the chair he had slept on back to his work desk, only to spot something unusual on the surface. It was his blue dragon. "I don't remember leaving you here," he picked it up and fiddled with its wings. He realized that Meyla must have found it and set it there while he was sleeping. His curiosity peaked; where was Meyla anyways? He set the dragon back on the desk and wandered over to the stairs.

Hiccup poked his head into the brighter room upstairs. The room was silent and as he marched over to the bed he looked down, his heart stopped. Meyla wasn't there. He frantically looked around and ran down the stairs, managing to grab a shirt and throw it over him as he ran out the door. The streets were still busy with mid-morning chatter, but Hiccup was frantic. The first thing he could think to do was run down the hill to the second layer of houses in town. His leg wobbled as he scurried through the bustling village.

He stormed up to the front door of a particular house and rapped on the door, nearly out of breath. His heart pounded from the quick run, and he failed at keeping his composure when the door finally opened.

He was clutching his knees.

"Hiccup?"

He looked up at Astrid, who had a massively confused expression etched on her face. She gripped his shoulders and held him upright. "What is it?"

"Where is she?"

"Iâ€¦ uh-"

"Iâ€¦ I'm sorry about yesterday, I really am," he gasped out, finally regaining his breath. "Please don't kill me- I'm just wondering where she Meyla is."

Astrid began laughing. "Hiccup! It's okay- Meyla came and talked to me."

"I know! Where is she? Please don't tell me you fought."

Astrid swung the door open a bit farther, to reveal Meyla sitting in the middle of Astrid's floor. The light illuminated the setting, revealing a few mugs of yak-nog in front of her. She gave a curt wave and smiled at him.

Hiccup's eyes widened as they flickered from the mugs to Meyla to Astrid and back again. "Whatâ€¦ what exactly is going on?" He stood up and turned to Astrid, utterly confused.

She raised an eyebrow, "we are enjoying a hearty cup of yak-nog; I thought it was obvious. Turns out she actually likes the stuffâ€¦ unlike you all."

"Youâ€¦ you aren't killing each other?" He walked in to the house with an utterly baffled expression and Astrid followed him.

Meyla looked at Astrid, who exchanged amused glances.

"I'm missing something."

"Well, Meyla's told me all about your adventure. Sounds like it was a lot of fun- especially when you got sick," she began laughing.

Hiccup threw up his arms, "I'm confused." He raised an eyebrow at Meyla, "seriouslyâ€¦ you told her that story?"

Meyla shrugged.

Astrid threw her arm around Meyla's shoulders, "she's pretty cool Hicâ€¦ for a half-dragon."

Meyla smiled delightedly. She was clearly happy that she had made a new friend and earned a new nickname.

"But last night, you were going to rip my throat out!"

"Yeahâ€¦ and I probably would have if she hadn't convinced me that you were not a couple." Astrid rolled her eyes, "but I think you

underestimate us." The girls exchanged another amused glance, clearly enjoying Hiccup's irritation.

He gripped his hair, and took a deep breath. "Soâ€¦ you're not going to kill each other either?"

The girls snickered.

"No. You're girlfriend has told me a lot about Berk. I didn't know that you celebrate a holiday calledâ€¦ Snoggletog," Meyla added.

"And she speaks a whole 'nother language! She told me how she lost her wing too."

Hiccup just sighed. "Well, I'm glad you two got to meet. Didn't expect you to actually get along but-"

"Oh! And we ran into Stoick this morning," Astrid continued. "He asked if Meyla is going to join us, you know, as a Vikingâ€¦ permanently."

Hiccup looked at Meyla expectantly. "What did you say? Are you going to stay?"

"I can't really go homeâ€¦ and you promised you'd help me fly again. There are humans and dragons here, so I don't think I'll be going anywhere." She smiled.

Hiccup pulled her into a friendly hug, "you won't regret it."

"Let's go show her the island!" Astrid yelled suddenly.

Meyla's eyes lit up. Nothing could extinguish her adventurous spirit. The two ran excitedly out the door and left Hiccup to follow. They met up with the dragons, who waited patiently outside for their riders.

Meyla was enthralled by Stormfly and Toothless; the three chattered away in dragonese. The random grumbling and squawking was unfamiliar, but with a Dragon Wing around they'd have to get used to it.

Astrid stood by, observing the odd scene.

Hiccup caught up to her and took her hand in his.

She looked over at him with a smirk.

"Thank you," he squeezed her hand.

Astrid bumped her shoulder against his. "You know, she really isn't that bad. I'm sorry for freaking out yesterday."

"I'm sorry for not telling you about her sooner."

"Well, let's quit apologizing and go flying."

Hiccup smiled and climbed onto Toothless with Meyla clinging behind him.

Astrid swung up on Stormfly, who quickly leapt off the ground and soared higher into the sky.

Toothless followed and quickly caught up. The town was quiet far below, with clouds zipping past them. Blue skies stretched far to the horizon, with Berk blocking it's view to their right. Meyla carefully held out her arms as if she was flying, and Hiccup couldn't help but smile. She would fit right in.

\_This is Berk.\_

\_Dragons and Humans live here in peace.\_

\_Asides from the occasional Vikings brawl, we share adventures together and make friends.\_

\_There is always room for more.\_

\_And the newest member:\_

\_A Dragon Wing\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Author's Note:<em>\*\*

\*\*\_First of all, yes this is the end of the story- I had to end it somewhere.\_\*\*

\*\*\_Credits to Dawnbreakerdragon and Mudkipstar on their help, ideas, and support! 3\_\*\*

\*\*\_I want to thank all of you that have kept up with this story, supported it, and encouraged me all the way through.\_\*\*

\*\*\_Hard to believe I finished it in just over a month.\_\*\*

\*\*\_I will keep writing, so stay tuned for a possible sequel or alternate fanfic.\_\*\*

\*\*\_Thank you again wonderful readers!\_\*\*

## 20. Dragon Wing Dictionary

Meyla's Vocabulary:

(may differ slightly from original Old Norse)

Aldri - never

Allr - all

BÃ° - you

Dragi - slowpoke

Dreki - dragon

Eitr - poison



Ek - I

Engi - no

Feigr - dead

Heimili - home

LÃ-ki - like

Litask - look

LÇ«ngubak - fishbelly

Nakkvarr - a

NÃ³tt - night

ManlÃ-kan - human likeness or form

Mann-ligr - human

MÃ³Ã°r - fury

RÃ;s - race

SÃ³l - sun

Svala - Swallower

Taka - touch

VÃ|ngr - wing

## 21. Diary of a Dragon Wing

**\*\*Dragon Wing 2, 'Diary of a Dragon Wing,' is NOW ONLINE! \*\***

**\*\*Check it out on my profile!\*\***

End  
file.